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VOL. 38 No. 5 MAY, 1949

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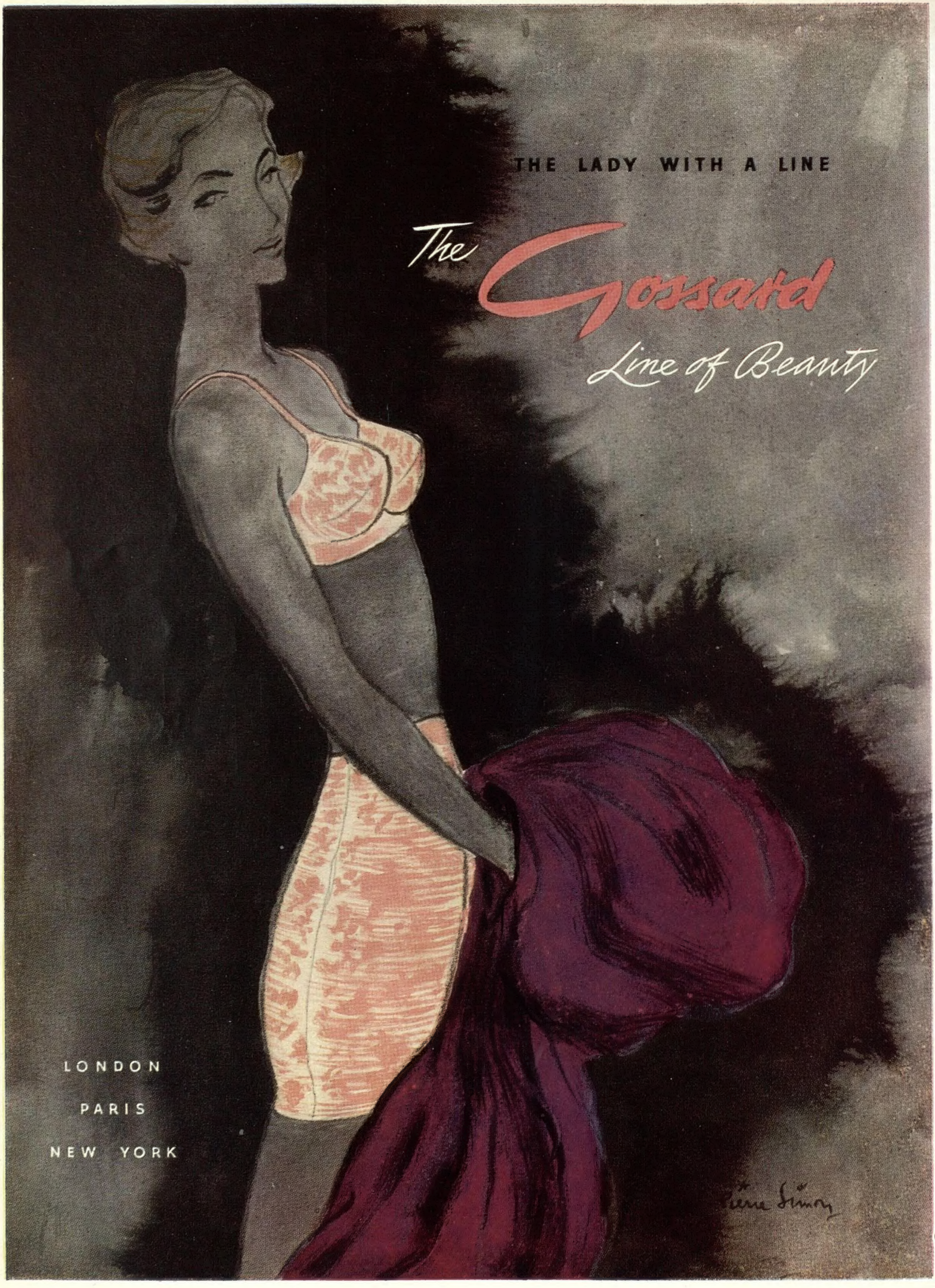
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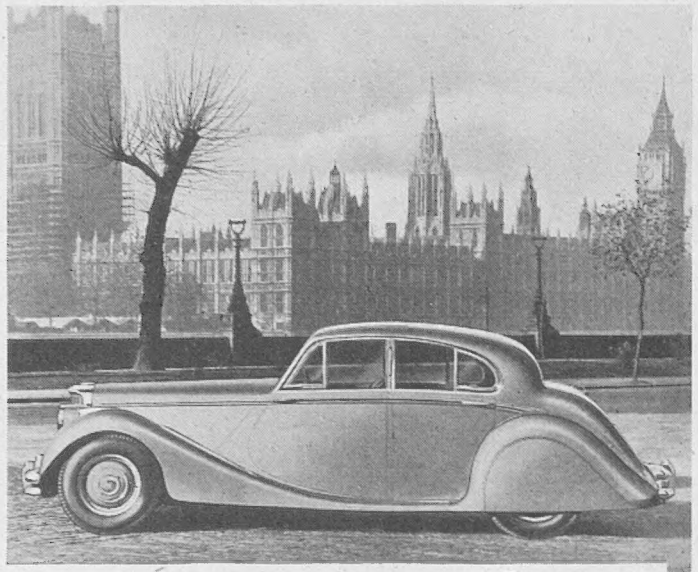

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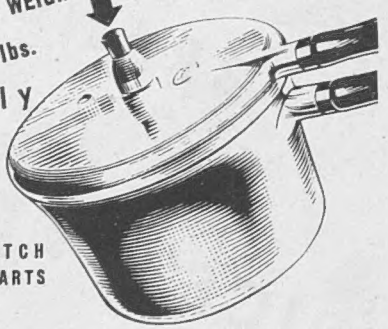

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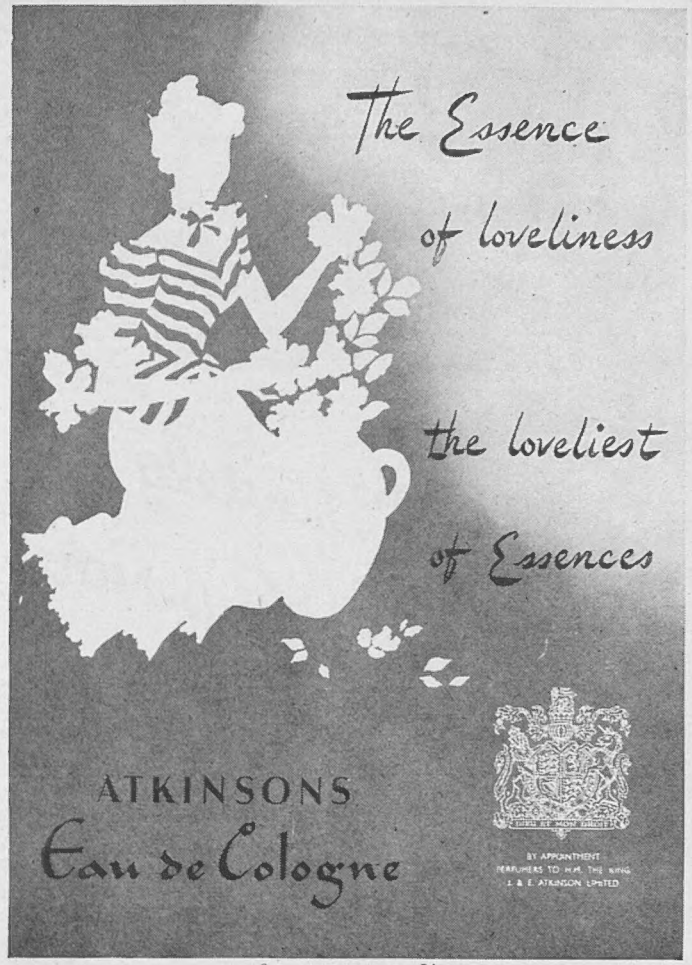

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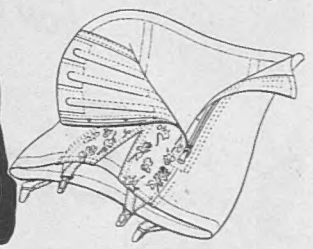

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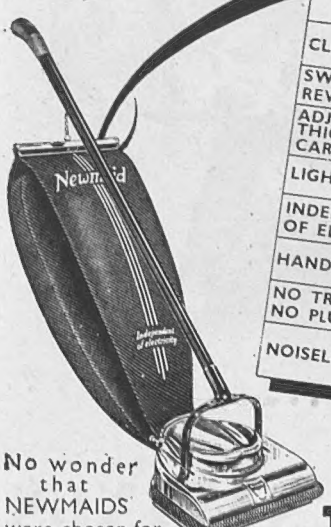

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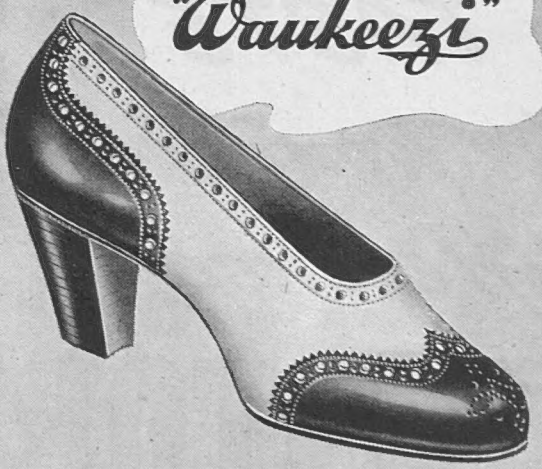

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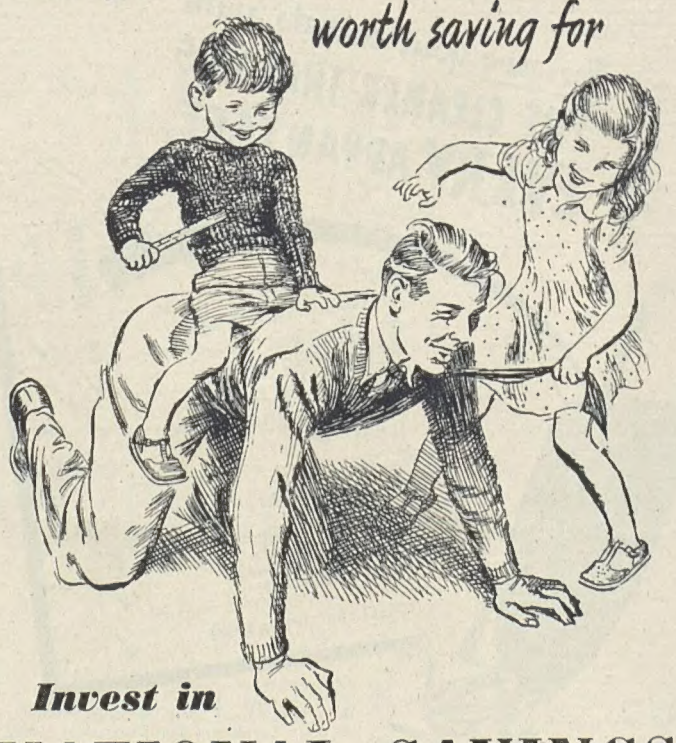

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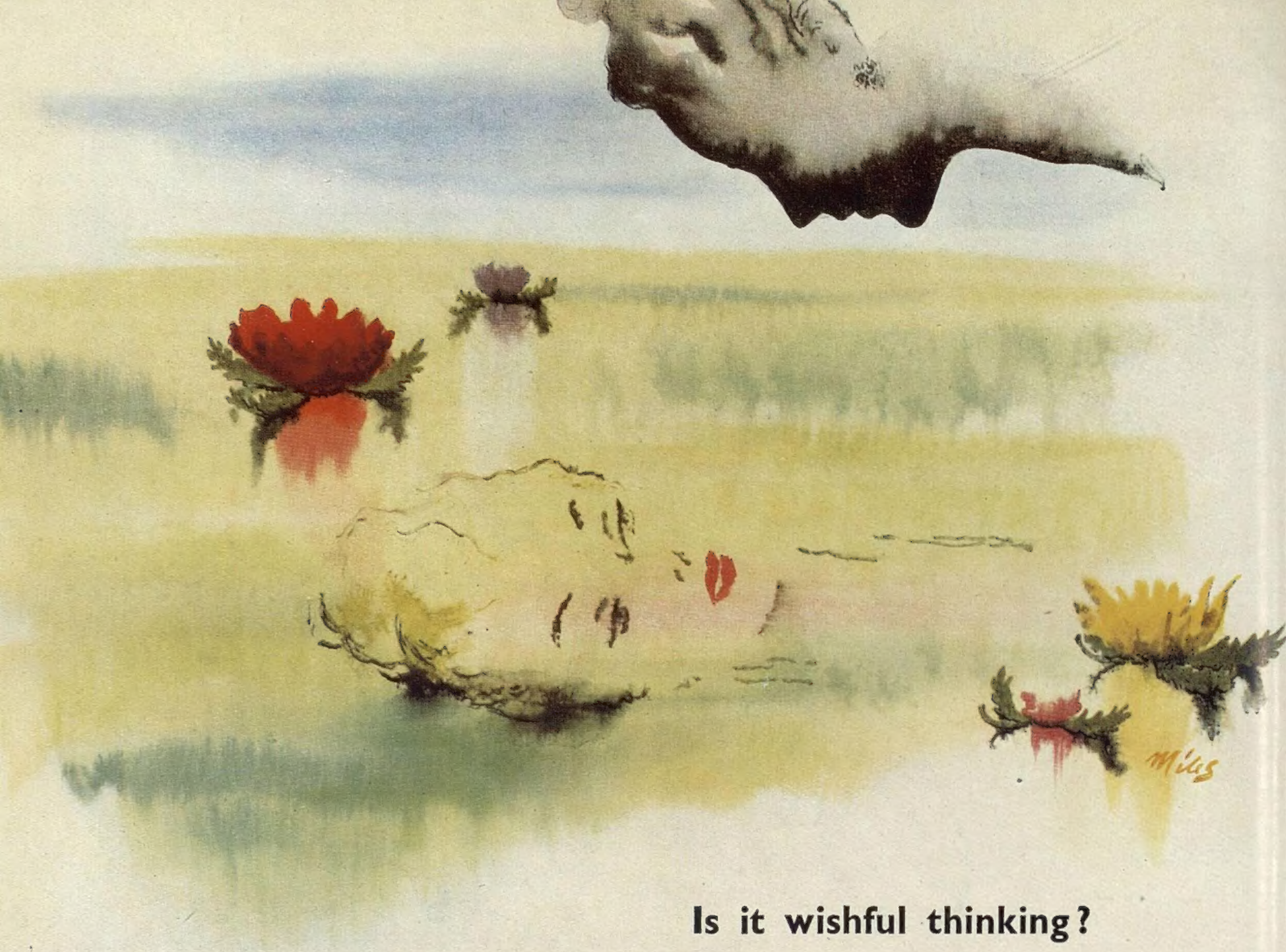

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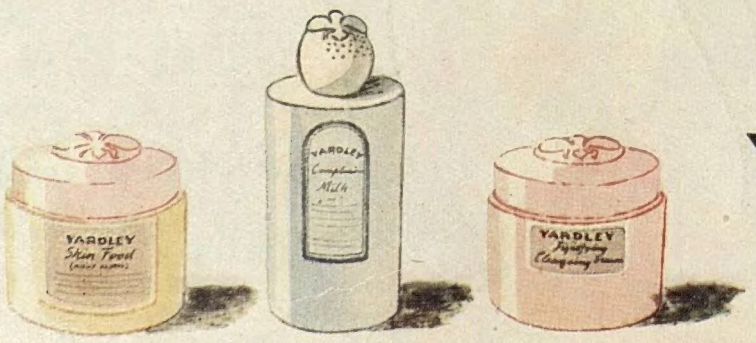


YARDLEY

Mrs. Kenyon was indeed a striking tribute to the value of that gallant acceptance of the inevitable by which some women continue to disarm the encroaching years

The Safety Catch

A Short Story by Dr. Harold Dearden

WHEN Mrs. Kenyon came into my consulting room for the first time on that stifling morning in July, there was nothing in her appearance to suggest that, less than half an hour before, she had been the victim of an act of brutal violence. Of middle age, slim and very smartly dressed, she walked towards me briskly and with singular grace, greeted me with composure, and settled herself without a trace of self-consciousness in the chair beside my desk.

She looked trim, well bred and markedly competent, but you could not have described her as beautiful. Her skin was sallow and she wore very little make-up. She had fine dark eyes, set wide apart, very steady and unusually brilliant; but her wide, full-lipped and sensitive mouth seemed oddly out of keeping with the firm and resolute outline of her chin.

But though her face was thus arresting rather than comely, the impressionsheconveyed as a whole was agreeable and engaging beyond the ordinary. She looked intensely alive, and there was about her something so amiably frank, natural, and friendly as to be altogether charming. She was indeed a striking tribute to the value of that gallant acceptance of the inevitable by which some women, the wisest of their sex, contrive to disarm the encroaching years.

She wasted no time before telling me the purpose of her visit.

"There's nothing wrong with my health, Doctor," she said. She had a pleasant voice, soft and musical. "I'm in great trouble. I was advised to consult you by my employer, Mr. Lewin. He tells me you know him very well."

"I do indeed," I said. "He is an old friend of mine." I did not think it necessary to add that I had watched with interest his progress from a drab little shop in the Whitechapel Road to the palatial premises he now owned in Bond Street.

"I'm one of his buyers now, but I went to him first as a very humble assistant when my husband died. I never had to earn my living before, and he did everything he could to help and encourage me. But there's a limit to everyone's kindness."

She hesitated. "It's rather a complicated story."

"There's no hurry. Just tell it to me in your own way."

She looked away for a moment or two. Thereafter, looking steadily at me, she said what she had to say as clearly and concisely and with as little emotion as though she had been trying to interest me in a business proposition.

"It's about my daughter, really. She is the only child I have and we are devoted to each other. She's just twenty-three. She works under me at Lewin's, and until the beginning of this year we lived together and were very happy. But last January, much against my will, she married, and since then we've neither of us known a moment's peace."

"The marriage has not been a success?"

"It was a tragedy from the first. Her husband has proved to be an absolute blackguard. His name is Bradford, Austin Bradford. Marjorie met him at a cocktail party. He had just been demobilised. He's only a year or two older than she. I can't deny that he's good looking, and he can be very charming, even now, when he wants to be. I suppose he just swept Marjorie off her feet. I never liked him. She brought him once or twice to the flat for tea, and I thought him weak, selfish, shallow and unreliable. But, of course, as he was a friend of hers, I thought it best to keep

my opinion to myself. He told Marjorie his parents were dead, and she gathered from one or two other things he said that he had a small private income. He certainly seemed to have plenty of money. He did no work, he had a smart little car, he was always very well dressed, and several times, when he had been away for the week-end, he told Marjorie he 'd been shooting with friends in the country. But I really took no interest in his private affairs, there was no reason then why I should. Marjorie is a very pretty girl ; she had a host of admirers at that time ; she went out dining and dancing, or to a movie or something, almost every night. I thought this young man was just one among many. When she spoke of marrying him I was horrified."

" You told her how you felt about it, of course."

" I did everything I could to stop it. I told her I 'd never liked him, and she had to admit that we knew nothing about him, except what he had told us. But you know what children are these days, even the best of them. Nothing I could say made the smallest difference. Marjorie was very sweet to me about it, she always has been about everything, I don't believe we 've ever had a cross word. But of course she said she loved him and that nothing else mattered." Mrs. Kenyon spread her hands apart in a little hopeless gesture. " I just had to make the best of it."

IT was clear from what she told me that she had certainly done that. By the constant exercise of tact and forbearance she managed to present at least the appearance of getting on well with her son-in-law. She made her daughter a small allowance, paid the rent of their flat for the first year, and bought most of their furniture and linen. She disclaimed any credit for this unusual generosity.

" Well," she said, with the first trace of embarrassment I had seen in her, " I 'm earning a very good salary and I can get most things at wholesale prices. And I wanted Marjorie to have a nice home. A girl is only really married once, and she had a hard time of it for a while when she was little. When my husband died she was still at school, and for the first year or two I could barely earn enough for our board and lodging. Life wasn't very pleasant for either of us then. I wanted if I could to make up for that."

" What a splendid creature this is," I thought. Even for a man, and with all the advantages of special training, a certain amount of capital, influence in the right places and a comfortable home as a basis for operations, it is by no means easy to make good in the highly competitive world of to-day. That this woman should have done so, untrained, unaided, with her native shrewdness and courage as her sole stock-in-trade, was a considerable achievement. I could well believe her modest statement that life for awhile had not been very pleasant. The sordid discomfort of cheap lodgings, the scrappy meals, the petty worries of an unfamiliar task, reinforced by the dreadful uncertainty of the future ; after half a lifetime of sheltered domesticity, the drabness and unrelieved strain of those first few years must often have seemed intolerable. It would be cruelly unfair if she were cheated of her reward, but this seemed more and more likely as she went on with her story.

She was justified in describing her son-in-law as a blackguard. He did no work, and he had obviously lied about his income. Now and then he appeared to have plenty of money, but the source of it was a mystery, and in any case these bursts of affluence were few and far between. As a rule he lived entirely on his wife. His demands on her slender resources were outrageous, but his cunning and ruthless persistence were irresistible. A shameless parasite, there was nothing to which he would not stoop to get from her what he wanted, and his technique

on these occasions, to judge from Mrs. Kenyon's description of it, certainly suggested a remarkable versatility. In sequence, as seemed to him best in the conduct of these predatory interviews with his wife, he would exercise his charm, protest his love, confess the error of his ways and promise to reform, bitterly reproach her for having ceased to care for him, accuse her of meanness, and work himself up into a passion of resentment of the deliberate and unmerited harshness with which, encouraged by her mother, she was driving him to despair. If none of these produced the desired effect, frenzied and weeping with self-pity, he would announce his intention to put an end to his life then and there.

" Of course," said Mrs. Kenyon, " Marjorie has lost all love for him now. She has nothing but fear and contempt for him. She 's living with me at present, but every now and then he comes badgering her for money, and he 's only to cry and go on like that about suicide and she 's helpless."

" There 's very little danger of him injuring himself," I smiled. " I see a good many people, both men and women, with whom a threat to commit suicide is the last resource in every emergency. In my experience that 's as far as they ever get."

Austin Bradford drew a touching picture of a young, adoring husband whose wife's affections had been deliberately alienated by a jealous mother-in-law. He assured me that he had never wished to make trouble for anyone

" I 've told her that myself, but I really can't blame her for believing him at the time. You see, he has a pistol, and he loads it in front of her and actually points it at his head. I 've seen him do it ; and he looks so wild then, almost as though he were insane, that you feel he might do anything. Personally, if it wasn't for the scandal, I 'd almost be glad if he did shoot himself. It would be a merciful release for both of us. He 's making a nervous wreck of Marjorie. We had a very nasty scene with him only this morning."

" What happened ? " I asked.

" He came round to the flat for money as usual, and Marjorie told him she 'd given him all she could a day or two ago.

" ' It 's not a damn bit of use pleading poverty,' he said. ' I 've got to live somehow, and you and your mother have plenty of money.'

" He went on like that for a minute or two, speaking quietly, smoking a cigarette and strolling about the room as though he owned the flat and everything in it. You wouldn't think anyone could be so shamelessly impertinent. Marjorie's bag was on the table, we were just going out, and he opened it, took what was in it, a ten-shilling note and some silver, I think, and threw the bag on the floor. He put the money in his pocket.

" ' This will do to go on with,' he said. ' You can give me some more later. You 'd better cash a cheque on your way in and I 'll call round at Lewin's for it this afternoon.'

" I was furious. He might have been talking to a servant.

" ' How dare you speak to Marjorie like that ! ' I said. ' It 's a man's duty to support his wife, not live on her. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

" He didn't seem to mind. He just looked at me and grinned.

" ' Fancy that ! ' he said.

" I was standing just in front of him, and suddenly, before I could do anything to stop him, he caught hold of me with one hand and struck me twice, as hard as he could, on the side of the head. When he let go of me I fell down.

" ' Perhaps that will teach you to keep your mouth shut in future,' he said, and walked out."

Mrs. Kenyon had described this scene without a trace of emotion. It was

I saw a little catch with the word "Safe" printed just above it, so I pushed the catch towards it as far as it would go

merely something she thought I ought to know, a feature of her case like any other. I received it as I felt sure she wished me to.

"Has he ever been violent to either of you before?" I asked.

"No, never. But he's got much wilder lately than he used to be. His nerves are all to pieces. He doesn't seem to care what he does now. I think he's drinking. I expect that accounts for it. Two or three times, when he's come round to the shop for money and I've refused him, he's behaved so disgracefully, arguing and shouting, that I've had to give him what he wanted, simply to get rid of him."

"He banks on that, of course."

"I know. But, you see, I've no alternative. My lawyer says that, short of getting him put into prison, which is impossible, there's practically nothing I can do to stop him coming to see me. And I can't have him making scenes in the shop. Mr. Lewin has been wonderful about it up to now; but it's bad for business; customers don't like that sort of thing; I can't expect him to put up with it much longer. Yesterday, when he called me into his office and suggested I should come and see you, I knew he was giving me my last chance."

"It's an impossible situation for both of you, obviously. But how did he think I could be of use to you?"

"He said that perhaps, if you talked to Austin, you could at least persuade him to keep away from the shop. It will do him no good if I have to leave Lewin's. I've told him that myself, but he takes no notice. He might listen to you and keep away in his own interest."

"I'll gladly do my best if he comes to me," I said. "But do you think he will?"

Mrs. Kenyon gave me a bitter little smile.

"He'll come," she said dryly. "There's nothing he likes better than talking about himself."

MR. BRADFORD came to see me twice during the following week. It was essential to my purpose to keep on good terms with him, and he certainly made it easy to do so. Tall, slender, good looking, with a boyish manner and a singularly engaging smile which was seldom unemployed, he treated me throughout both these interviews to a generous display of his undoubted charm. It was obvious, however, that he knew what he was about. I could not but admire the dexterity with which, while seeming to be overwhelmed by the honour of meeting me and gratefully impressed by the wisdom and justice of everything I said, he did all that was possible to present his conduct in a favourable light.

According to his version, in all that had happened he was the injured party. He drew a touching picture of a young adoring husband whose wife's affections had been deliberately alienated by a jealous mother-in-law. He assured me that he had never wished to make trouble for anyone. When I drew his attention to some incident in the past which might seem to throw doubt on this, he enlarged on the difficulties that confronted the returning soldier and reminded me, very modestly, of the indulgence due to one who, lonely and penniless through no fault of his own and frustrated in his search for employment, laboured continually under a great burden of anxiety. It was impossible to corner him. The picture he presented was that of one struggling bravely with adversity; and when, towards the end, he confessed with a little break in his voice, that there had been times when he had even contemplated suicide, the effect was genuinely moving.

I had seen too many performances of that sort in the past, however, to be convinced by it. Though he promised me, with a look of the deepest sincerity in his soft brown eyes as he finally said goodbye to me, that he would follow my advice in every detail, I knew I had done no more than assist him to an hour or two of pleasurable exhibitionism. When I next saw Mrs. Kenyon, I told her so.

"Oh, well," she said with characteristic philosophy, "it was kind of you to try. We shall just have to put up with it."

She rose to go.

"You'll let me know if there's anything I can do for you at any time, won't you?" I said.

She held out her hand.

"Thank you, I will. But I'm sure I shall manage. I've always found that things like this somehow work themselves out for the best if you just go on doing what seems right at the moment." A smile broke over her resolute little face. "The great thing is not to panic, isn't it?"

(Continued on page 51)

A Cure For Gambling?

By Ferdinand Tuohy

IF Mr. Willink's Royal Commission on Lotteries, Betting and Gaming had its counterpart in the United States, some of the most listened-to testimony would be that given by psychiatrists. The word may have a phoney ring about it, but that is due to over-use. On the evidence itself, the neurotic type of gambler is increasing more than any other kind, and not only in the U.S.A.

This development is, of course, nothing else than a mirroring of the world about. Mankind has got into a neurotic state, thoroughly unstable, an easier prey to "Oh-what-does-it-matter-anyway?" than ever in the past. Worries, fears, problems, frustrations, accumulate on the heads of *Homo sapiens* and his mate. At the same time they find themselves offered ever newer means to gamble, as if by some mocking force or evil hand.

Doubtless by the time this appears the Pyramid Gamble will have caught on here. This is the craziest of the lot. You are told if you pay a pound or so, get a few friends to do likewise, and attend a few parties, you cannot fail to qualify for £500 within a fortnight.

Actually over four million friends and acquaintances would have to work in with you, to achieve this result. Yet a trifle like that is overlooked as the Pyramid Gamble holds up the work of a great city amid a riot of telephoning, making connections. It is new, exciting, *a gamble!* That's sufficient for New Yorkers.

THERE is some justification for the belief that countries which run State Lotteries suffer less from gambling afflictions such as embezzlement, divorce, bankruptcy and suicide, than lottery-less Britain and America. It is as if the State Lottery, falling regularly once or twice a week, has woven itself into the regular pattern of living, acting as a safety valve and canalizing the gambling urge, thereby rendering less insidious the cell of other gambling forms like pools, the dogs, racing, roulette and card games, pin tables and fruit machines.

According to Professor Zweig, who carried out an inquiry into popular spending in this country, a man with a serious interest in pools may easily spend over £2 a week. But "the dogs" can work the greater harm. One in five confessed an interest in the greyhound track which is more likely to attract neurotic gamblers than is the pool system. "The personal consequences of heavy betting on dogs can be horrible," comments the professor. "A lot of Army gratuities have drifted away on dogs."

In America the gambling scene expands to the fantastic. Gambling has increased two and one half times within a decade, and is now engaged in by forty million Americans, or well over half the adult population. The annual bill to the nation reaches the dizzy height of £4,000,000,000. Yet figures hardly talk any more. Another angle is more eloquent.

Because only two of the forty-eight states are in favour of legalizing gambling, this is mostly conducted in a twilight zone, like Prohibition drinking was, and by the same people. Racketeers and gangsters are reckoned to rake in £500,000,000 a year out of anything from roulette tables to fruit machines. They pay a fifth of that colossal sum away in bribes to the police and other officials for "protection," and the furtiveness and whispering that surround the whole giant business is the very "climate" to which the neurotically inclined gambler falls a victim.

IT is felt here, as in America, that the neurotic gambler to-day occupies the same ignominious rut that alcoholics filled before it was decided that the latter belong to a clinic rather than a jail. New approaches are being made with a view to finding some sort of curative system for the gambler with a neurosis—as distinct from the person who can go out and look at a horse race, and keep a hold on himself and his affairs with all the bawling of Tattersall's in his ears.

The idea that, to be envisaged as a neurotic case, one must be one of those imprisoned old characters who haunt the rooms at Monte Carlo, playing their pittances daily from such an hour to such o'clock, has gone by the board. The sorting out of cases now occurs in a very different field : among the growing number of persons in trusted positions who go wrong, usually by way of embezzling funds put in their care.

This is the field where experts and specialists learn most, for they can follow the course of a normal married fellow as he gradually slips into the obsessional, then the neurotic state. He is more instructive than the pathological case, also more worth expending effort upon.

It has been found that there lies a strong possibility of preventive success, or cure, if individuals will keep a series of questions before them, the answers to which contribute to an imperative self-knowledge. Here is a selection pointing the road to a neurosis unless taken in hand :

Are you using money for gambling, which should by rights go in household expenses, on food, rent and clothing?

Are you relying on gambling winnings to pay your next obligations under the instalment system?

Are you gambling more than you did twelve months ago? (*Continued on page 52*)

(*Above*) An air view of an ice-free lake on which a Martin Mariner landed during the American expedition "Operation High-jump" to Antarctica

(*On right*) Cape Crozier and the end of the Great Ice Barrier. The ice barrier, or shelf, forms the present most likely area for mineral exploration

Unlocking The Southern

FOR over two years ten Powers have been engaged in a race to unveil for increasingly urgent practical reasons the secrets of the world's vastest unexplored region. Antarctica is a continent twice the size of Australia, one-third larger than the whole of Europe, and still in its Ice Age. It is in fact, in its coldest parts, still capped by some 2,000 feet of ice; yet there are definite indications that this huge glacial sub-continent is slowly re-warming. Erebus, one of its mountains, has throughout remained an active volcano.

Of these expeditions Great Britain's have been the most persistently energetic. Thirty more Britons disappeared into Antarctica even before the second World War was over. They are still there. After the war Americans followed. Russian explorers are doing scientific research work there, and they are so secretive about it that it is not known exactly what it is nor whether it is making any real progress.

Why is this great land race—if one can give this term to an almost uninterrupted ice cap—being run, and what has been discovered to date?

Ever since Scott and Shackleton first scratched the skin of this desert of ice and snow, evidence has been accumulating that rich mineral deposits exist in the south Polar region, waiting to be found and worked. They include gold, silver, copper, uranium, and the rare metal molybdenum. Though probably of inferior quality, even traces of coal have been found—a legacy from the warm climate of long ago, which is now returning, the polar lands being all that remain of the ice age of which the earth is in its final stages.

It must have been something like 100 million years ago that what we now know as Antarctica was ruled by warm, perhaps even tropical weather, and built up its treasure trove. Precisely what and where this may be is still a mystery locked beneath a thick, forbidding shield of ice. But that the area is a storehouse of untouched resources now seems reasonably certain. What agitates the minds of the nations that have staked claims in the southern ice chest is whether this mineral wealth exists in quantities large enough to be mined profitably.

It is American aerial survey with magnetometers (measuring magnetic intensity) which has provided clues as to the probable positions of minerals, but only hazardous surveying expeditions by dog sleigh can pin-point them and decide upon their actual workability. In a determined endeavour to ascertain at least something of the answer, a small British team have been trying to find

(*On right*) Wind-developed pancake ice forming into floes off Cape Evans

Ice Chest

By Martin Thornhill

at what point, under the ice shelf, the land ends and sea begins. On the continued success of their 500-mile survey trip of the ice-barrier around Graham Land will depend whether similarly-bent expeditions will venture further afield to explore the uncharted ice shelf round Antarctica itself. (*Continued on page* 54)

A tremendous cliff of ice photographed near Cape Barne, Victoria Land. This picture was taken by Herbert G. Ponting who accompanied Captain Scott on his second expedition to the Antarctic in 1910-1912

(*On left*) Another fantastic shaped mass of ice which looks like a castle. The dog-sleigh in the foreground give some idea of its immense size

Short Good-bye To Football

By Guy Livingston

In 1863, representatives of various clubs met at the Freemasons Tavern in Great Queen Street and formed the Football Association. A view of the Tavern reproduced from a print published in 1811. The Connaught Rooms now stands on this site

GOING out like a lion at Wembley on the last day of April, soccer has made its temporary farewell. Most discussed, written about and watched of all Britain's sports, its spell relaxes in the spring sunshine of May. But not for long. By the end of August the ball will be out again, the stands will be filling up, the Pools will be getting busy and the 1949–50 season will have begun, another eight months of football with its crowd-compelling Cup Final at the finish. Look at it how you will, soccer is a mighty factor in the leisure life of the nation to-day.

Modern professional football, with its following of millions, its vast financial interests, its excitements and its ballyhoo, is a product of nineteenth-century industrialism. It arose from the working men's games on the rough-and-ready pitches of the great towns in mid-Victorian times. Its pioneers took advantage of that epoch-making innovation, the Saturday half-holiday, to form themselves into clubs for sport and exercise. Unorganized and without central control, the game was given shape by the Football Association in 1863 and put on a proper professional basis by the Football League in 1888.

Less than a hundred years old though it is, soccer as played in 1949 has roots that go a long way back. Medieval Englishmen rejoiced in the pastime of kicking an inflated bladder around. And in those days it was a glorious free-for-all, pursued up hill and down dale, without rules or bounds. It was frowned on in the fourteenth century because it took men away from their archery practice, and Henry VIII was said to disapprove of it. Discouraged in Puritan times, it came back into favour when Charles II was King.

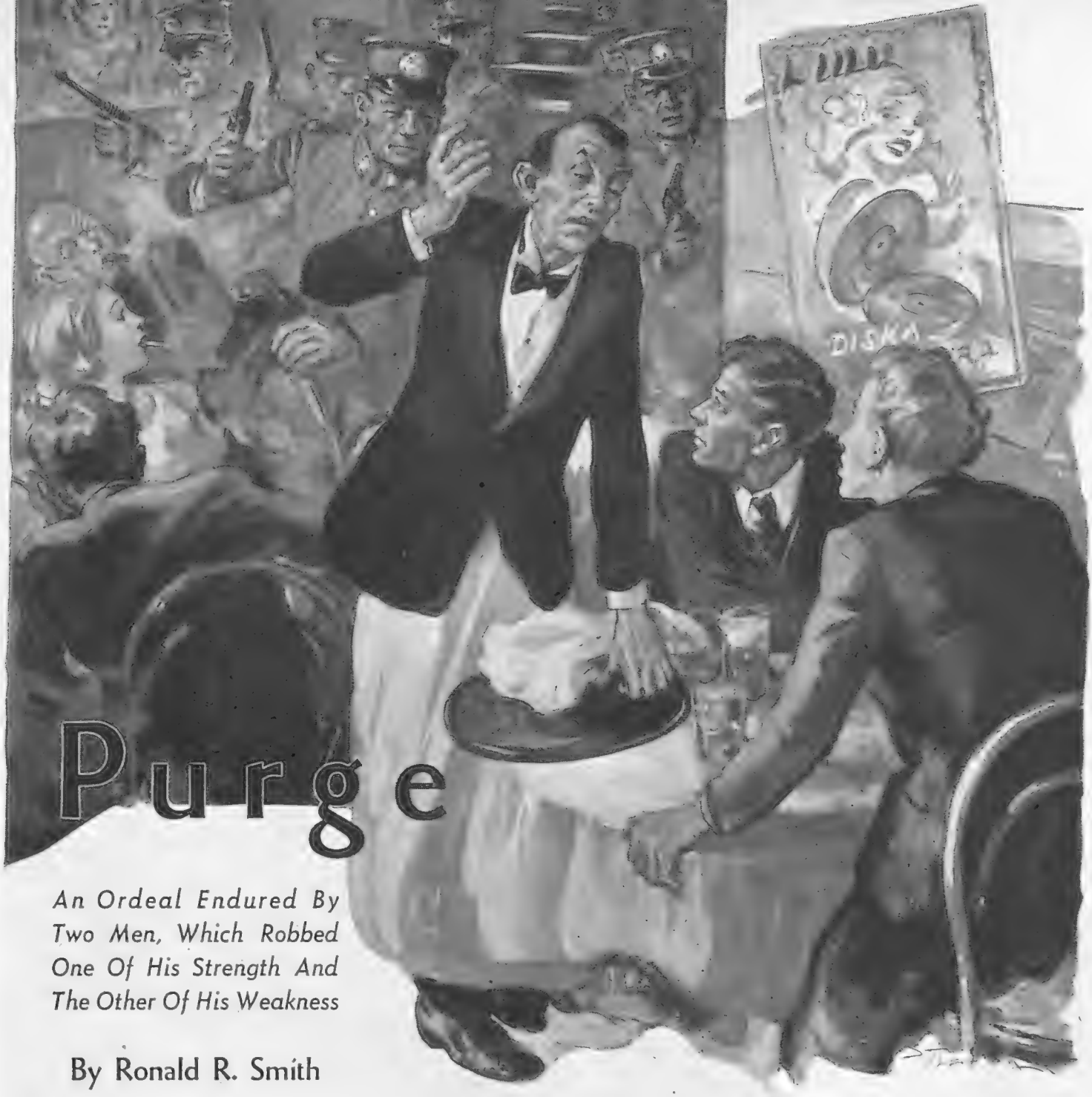
But it never really became news until a schoolboy named William Ellis, playing in a match at Rugby one day in 1823, picked up the ball and ran with it.

This daring action caused a sensation that reached beyond the playing-fields of Rugby, for each of the public schools (and these were then the chief supporters of football) possessed their own set of rules, the one thing they had in common was that the ball must not be carried. Young Ellis had started something and at first he was exceedingly unpopular; but it was not long before Rugbeians were playing the handling game that he had introduced and other teams were adopting it, too.

FOR forty years, in the schools, the universities, the old boys' teams and the working men's sides the controversy went on—to handle or not to handle? Players disagreed and clubs split up, unable to settle the thorny question. And then, in 1863, representatives of various clubs met at the Freemasons Tavern in Great Queen Street and formed (*Continued on page* 51)

(On left) The first Cup Final to be played at Wembley was in 1923 when Bolton Wanderers beat West Ham. The crowd was so great that it encroached on the playing field and the police had to clear it off before the game could proceed

In its heyday the Crystal Palace staged the Cup Final and pictured on right is the match between the 1911 finalists Bradford and Newcastle. In 1901 when the Spurs met Sheffield United in the final on this ground the gate numbered 110,000



Purge

An Ordeal Endured By Two Men, Which Robbed One Of His Strength And The Other Of His Weakness

By Ronald R. Smith

THE detachment of security police came clattering down the steps of the cellar-café. Semper and Burke were sitting drinking at the far end in the fog of tobacco smoke. There was a poster of a cabaret star advertising gramophone records on the wall beside them. The waiter, an elderly man with slick black hair like a billiards marker was just telling them that his mother who was very old had a passion for shell-fish of all kinds. When he saw the police he said: "Excuse me, gentlemen," and walked away towards the bar.

The six police, four with sub-machine guns and two with pistols were well-shaved and efficient like G-men in a film. Two covered the stairs, two others took a door each; the other two, the pistol men, came straight to the Englishmen's table.

Semper, who had got used to the idea of being a weakling, felt himself flush and then go pale, and knew his eyes were popping. Burke, who was big with an angular, stony face said: "Easy, Semper."

"You're under arrest," one of the police said in English.

"For what? What are you talking about?" Burke said.

"Never mind for what," the policeman said and dug his pistol barrel between Burke's shoulder blades.

WHEN the waiter saw the police he said, "Excuse me, gentlemen," and walked away towards the bar

There were about a dozen other patrons in the café. They were silent, staring. But if the police looked at them they turned their eyes away and pretended they hadn't noticed that anything was happening.

Burke said: "We might as well go, Semper. It's no good talking to these robots. But we'll talk to their superiors."

The two cars standing outside the café looked enormous in the narrow, ill-lit alley. Semper and Burke were hustled into the second car with two guards. The cars moved off with a spectacular howl in bottom gear. When one of the guards pulled the blinds down Semper made a sound like a man jumping into icy water.

"What's that supposed to be for?" Burke said.

"Never mind what it's supposed to be for," the policeman said.

"You go to see too many American films," Burke said. "Or don't they let you now?" And the guard said: "Never mind that."

Burke could feel that the car was on the sleek surface of the main square with the equestrian statue. Then it was rippling over cobbles again, but he did not know in what direction it was moving.

The trip took no more than ten minutes. The cars pulled up in another alley very like the one they had left. It was spitting with rain. Semper and Burke were shoved through a postern in a wall a yard thick. They crossed a dark, cobbled courtyard sensing thick high walls about them which they could not see. They entered a building through a pointed doorway. Burke wondered if the place had been a monastery at some time. They smelled coffee and something fried; a pine disinfectant could not cover an ammoniacal stink. Men were talking somewhere. Burke took it for the guardroom. They went down a corridor, stone-flagged.

They passed the room with the men in it and halted before a door on the right. One of the guards knocked and went in. A few seconds later he beckoned the rest of the party inside.

The light in the room was dazzling. A man in a grey suit with a fluffy bush of grey hair and green, bulging eyes was sitting behind a yellow-varnished desk. He had a pink-silk shaded lamp on his desk. Semper looked at the lamp-shade and felt a little comforted for some reason. On the right was another desk at which sat a clerk in uniform.

The man in grey looked at the Englishmen without speaking. His eyes were two thrusting blobs of green bottle-glass, quite expressionless. He looked down at a paper on his desk. "Frederick William Semper, Edmund Bernard Burke, British nationality," he read in English. He looked up.

Semper said: "Yes, but——" Burke interrupted. "What are we here for? This used to be a civilized state. What's happened to it?"

The man behind the desk breathed slowly, audibly. He was putting on flesh. His voice was thin, high-pitched but equable. "You're here on the charge of suborning citizens of this state and for assisting enemies of this state."

"Thank you," Burke said. "And now with your permission I will use the telephone. I wish to speak to the British consul."

"Empty your pockets on to the desk," the man said.

Semper began to do as he was told. Burke put his hand on his arm. "Didn't you hear my request?" he said.

"Do as the captain tells you," the English-speaking guard said. He brought the barrel of his revolver down hard on Burke's wrist. Burke swung round, his fists clenched. The guard hit him deftly above the right ear with a backward swing of his revolver. Burke fell to one knee. Blood dripped from the end of his chin. He looked the guard up and down. "I shall remember you," he said. He pushed himself to his feet and began to empty his pockets. Semper's hands fluttered so badly that he continually dropped things. The clerk made a record of the contents of their pockets on two cards, including the amounts of money in their wallets.

"Now, strip," the "captain" said.

Semper's body was as immature as a sixteen-year-old boy's with a faulty metabolism. He felt humiliated. His bare feet stuck to the linoleum. Burke, lean and hard-looking, stood with his arms folded and his belly-muscles drawn in, his eyes commenting loudly on the flabbiness of the man in the grey suit.

They found nothing in the seams and padding of the suits. Burke and Semper dressed again but without braces, shoe-laces or ties.

The captain sneezed twice, half-smiled to himself and said: "Take them away."

"So we're to be kept incommunicado," Burke said. The guard swung him round. The captain was already absorbed in the papers on his desk, Burke holding up his trousers with his hands jerked away. "You don't know what you're doing," he said.

Semper's face was grey. "Don't provoke them, Burke," he said.

Burke allowed himself to be shoved into the corridor, where two of the police were waiting. Semper followed of his own accord.

They went straight through the building and out at the other end and crossed another section of the courtyard. They entered a wide doorway with a dirty blue light burning over it. They picked up a turnkey at a sort of concierge's lodge just off the entrance. He was a short, thick-set man with cropped hair and a bad limp in his right leg. He smiled continually—or there was something wrong with his face-muscles. He led the way down a short corridor, his big keys clanking, unlocked a massive wooden door and locked it again behind them. The new corridor sloped downwards. It was damp but not cold. The walls sparkled with something like saltpetre where they were lit by the small, infrequent ceiling lights. The guards' boots rang hol-

lowly on the flagging; the Englishmen's laceless shoes made a slithering sound. They reached an intersection, which, widening, formed a sort of small room with heavy doors, one in each wall. In the centre was a stove, cherry-red with heat. Four warders sat round the stove smoking and eating. One of them had a sausage in his hand and was eating it like a banana. Burke said to Semper: "Did you ever see such a collection of subhumans?" Semper said jerkily: "Don't, Burke. Don't. It doesn't do any good."

They went through the right hand doorway, the turnkey unlocking and locking the door again. They descended several steps. It began to smell like a stagnant pool but there was an animal odour too. The left wall was blank and shiny with dirt at shoulder-height. At intervals along the right wall were doors with small grills in them. They had almost reached the end when the turnkey stopped in front of one of the doors. It had two locks but apparently they only used one of them.

Semper went in; Burke halted on the threshold. "Don't think you're getting away with this," he said. "We have plenty of friends outside, you know."

"I can see you're a trouble-maker," the English-speaking guard said. With the heel of his hand under Burke's chin he thrust him inside. The door slammed and the lock turned. The thudding—rather than ringing now—footsteps of the police and the turnkey died away. Somewhere, as the door at the end of the corridor was opened again, someone screamed. The sound was cut off by the banging of the door. Burke began to swear. "Oh, my God!" Semper said.

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

THEY found nothing in the seams and padding of the suits. Burke and Semper dressed again but without braces, shoe-laces and ties

The only light in the cell came from a grating high above the door. The low-powered bulbs in the corridor were arranged so that they also lit the cells with a yellowish-grey twilight. The walls had been painted with a sort of greyish black pitch. It was scaling off near the flagged floor, eaten away from underneath by a frothy-looking fungus. There was no window or opening of any kind. There was one plank bed with a grey blanket on it. In one corner there was a rusty tin bowl. In another a galvanized bucket. And that was all. A faintly fishy smell had been added to those of the corridor. The cell measured about ten feet by eight. It had a peculiar remoteness that neither had experienced before.

Burke lowered himself on to the edge of the bed. Semper stood, oppressed by claustrophobia, sucking in deep, difficult breaths.

Burke said: "Somebody sold us. I'd give a lot to know who it was."

Semper raised his hands, shaking them, and screwing up his face, showing his teeth. He dropped down beside Burke and put his mouth to his ear. He whispered breathlessly: "They'll be listening. They'll have microphones hidden—or somebody listening outside."

Burke drew away from him. "You're probably right. And if there is this is what I think about him." He addressed the potential listener, applying to him all the obscenities he had picked up in the alleys of the city—where obscenity was cultivated artistically. Semper writhed. "Burke, shut up. Shut up." He grabbed him by the waistcoat and shook him." He whispered: "This is just a taste they are giving us. In a few hours they're going to fetch us for questioning. You know what that'll mean. You know what they'll do if we don't talk."

Burke was agent for a brand of sparking plugs; Semper belonged to an organization for the spreading of brotherly love. They had helped three men to get out of the country, Burke enjoying the illegality and the excitement, Semper on high moral grounds and in spite of an explosive nervous system that made any but the most retired life a misery to him. And they did know the names of several natives of the state who organized the escapes, and who could be shot for it. The names were already burning in Semper's head, repeating themselves, unwilled by Semper.

Burke said: "Let 'em try. Let 'em see what they get out of us."

Semper looked at him with his eyes wide open and his mouth twisted as though he were going to be sick. "I don't know, Burke," he said. "I don't know. I'd rather die than say anything. But if they do anything to me—I might not be master of myself."

"Don't worry yourself, Semper. You'll be all right. You've got a terrible tenacity. I never knew anybody with more."

Semper looked at Burke as though he had said something frightful. "You're wrong, Burke. You're wrong. Pain frightens me terribly. In pain I can think of nothing. I'll do anything to soothe it. I can't help it. I just can't help it."

He threw himself backwards against the wall and dragged himself on to the bed so that he was lying face down on it behind Burke. (*Continued on page 56*)

A Highland Shepherd's Life

By

Richard Perry

A spring picture of typical sheep country on the Isle of Arran. In the background is the famous monastic Holy Isle in Lamlash Bay

(*On left*) The "father of the flock." A shepherd with a magnificent black-faced ram. The rams are turned out to run with the ewes towards the end of November

MY neighbour, Duncan Robertson, is one of four shepherds on one of the biggest sheep-farms in the Scottish Highlands. In the winter there are some two thousand Blackface sheep in the glens, and double that number in the summer, after the lambs have been born and the yearling ewes have returned from wintering on some lowland arable farm, where the feeding is richer and the climate less severe.

Spring comes late to the Highlands and it is well on in to April before Duncan finds his first lamb in the glen. His busy season has begun, and from now on until September he will often be working eighteen hours a day and ninety hours a week. There are seventy-five square miles of tree-clad glens, moors and hills on this farm; and some of Duncan's flock of five hundred may graze away as much as ten miles distant from his cottage in the glen, and climb to a height of two or three thousand feet. However, although there are no boundary fences or stone-dykes, his sheep seldom stray across the streams or watersheds that serve as "marches" between one sheep-farm and its neighbours, because their ancestors for generations back have been born on these hills, and they know every square yard of them.

Putting the skin of a dead lamb on motherless lamb, for the foster-mother, whose lamb has died, to adopt
(*On left*) The orphaned lamb with its additional coat adopted by its foster mother

But it will be easily understood that lambing time is no picnic in the boisterous Highland climate, and before May is out Duncan will have tramped some four hundred miles over the hills on his lambing rounds. True, these mountain lambs are extraordinarily hardy, for within five minutes of birth they are already tottering to their feet and nosing around the ewes, looking for the right place for a drink; and within an hour or two they are able to follow their mothers, as the latter graze away from them in search of a green bite, and to clamber in and out of steep burns and drains. All the same, there would be a heavy mortality among them, (*Continued on page* 61)

The Strange Life of Lady Blessington

Wild Irish Colleen—Twice Virtually Sold in Marriage—Whose House In Kensington Was For Fourteen Years The Centre Of Culture And Fashion

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW

"ONE of the most lovely and fascinating women I have ever seen," wrote a contemporary of Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, who died in Paris on a June day 100 years ago. Yet as Sally Power of Knockbrit, Co. Tipperary, she was the plain one in a family noted for its bold Irish beauty.

And what a family! In the late eighteenth century it was taken for granted that landed Irish folk were a little mad, but her father, Beau Power, was reckless and dissolute, too. A dandy in buckskins, top-boots and lace ruffles, the locals called him "Shiver-the-frills" Power. He became a magistrate—of sorts—though he might equally have adorned the dock as the bench. He started the *Clonmel Gazette* and lost money on it. He was a Catholic, yet did not scruple to serve the Dublin Castle party and go rebel-hunting. The rebels retaliated, as rebels will, by burning his granary, maiming his cattle and threatening murder.

Not a very happy background for a young girl, if at times an exciting one. The Beau's cronies at Clonmel were hard-riding, hard-drinking officers—among them one Captain Farmer of the 47th Foot, as rich as he was ruthless, who had a fancy for a fresh young girl with laughing eyes, once plain but now comely. The father was heavily in debt—no unusual predicament. A match might be arranged, at a price. Sally or Margaret—later changed to Marguerite—was only fifteen when her parents informed her that she would be Mrs. Farmer and like it. Perhaps she was young enough to be captivated by a military uniform, but whatever her feelings her father's word was law.

THREE months of marriage sufficed to leave emotional scars she would always remember. Farmer was sadistic and beat her. When his regiment was ordered to the Curragh she fled back home like a frightened child. "I would rather die than go with him, he is a brute," she said, and settled into home life again.

Settled? There was always trouble of some kind, notably when the father got into hot water over shooting a boy. . . . Home, under such conditions, could not hold her beyond her teens. When the right man came along she would be off with a whisk of rustling petticoat and that colleen impetuosity which acted first and thought afterwards.

Farmer could not stop her; in a fit of fury he had drawn his sword on his colonel, been court-martialled, and vanished abroad.

The right man, compensatingly, was another officer, Captain Thomas Jenkins; of a very different stamp—considerate, kind. Picture her, with the wind in her hair, crossing the Irish Sea at twenty to go and live at his Hampshire home, where she acquired the social graces, the art of civilised conversation the love of pictures and literature. It was a blossoming time for Marguerite. She was happy helping him to entertain his brother-officers, who thought her charming. There were rumours of wild parties—even of her dancing nude on the dinner-table—but they do not fit the picture at all. Irish she may

It was a blossoming time for Marguerite. She was happy helping Captain Thomas Jenkins to entertain his brother-officers, who thought her charming

nave been, but not quite so abandoned.... A visitor here was the dilettante Viscount Mountjoy, an amiable Irish peer in the early thirties with an income in the thirty-thousands and a commensurate past. He had fallen in love with the wife of a fellow-officer, Major Brown, who had presumably died while serving abroad, and she bore him two children. Shortly after they had married who should turn up but the very-much-alive Brown. Evidently a man-to-man arrangement was made, satisfying to both sides, and Brown went abroad again, this time to die in earnest. The lady bore two more children, then she, too, died. It sounds like an old-time three-decker novel, but remember we are in the early nineteenth century when incredible things happened to lordlings with thirty thousand a year.

He was smitten with love for Marguerite, created first Earl of Blessington, and celebrated the promotion by giving Jenkins £10,000 for all he had done for her. So for the second time she was virtually sold, though by no means so disagreeably.

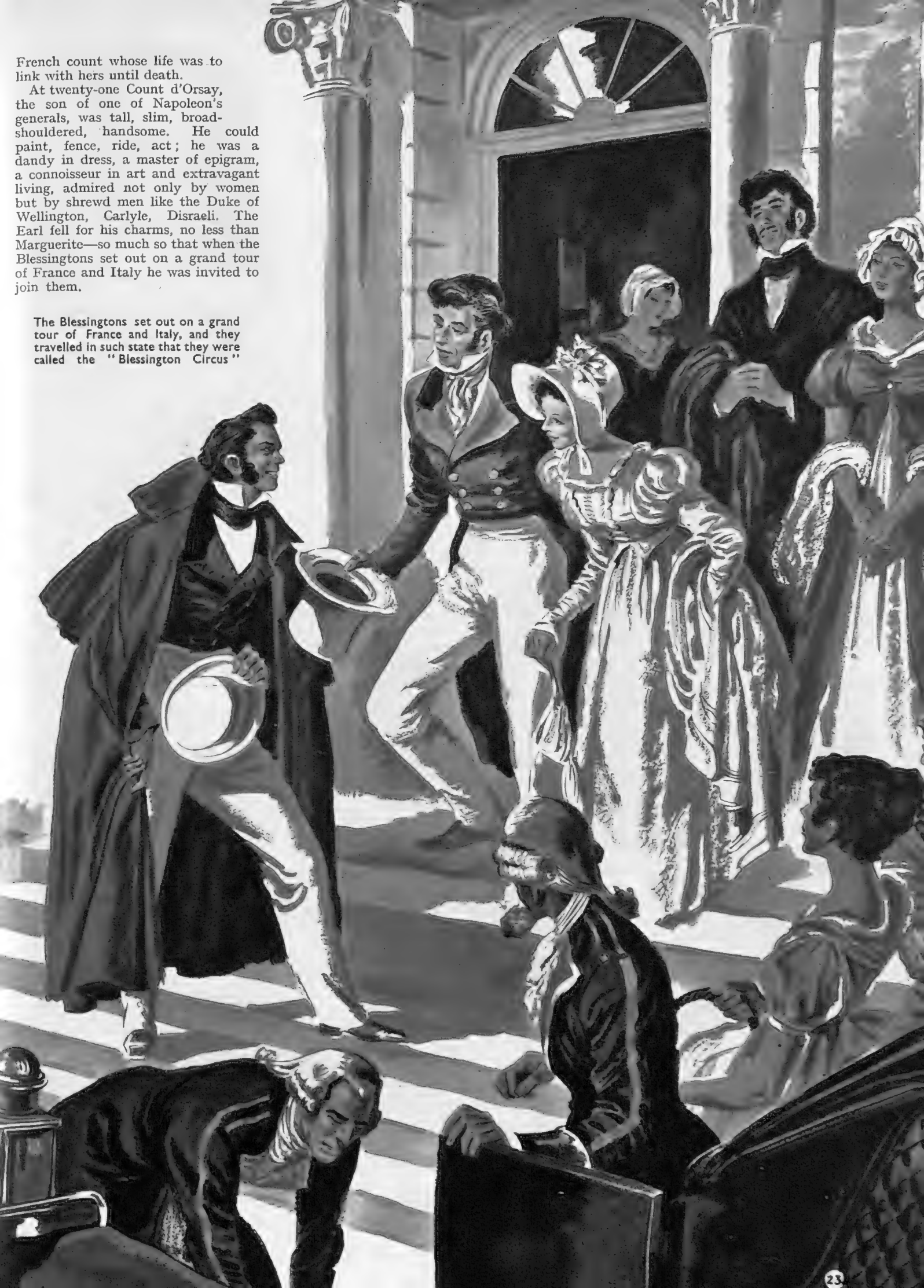
He took her to London, installed her in a house in Manchester Square. After her husband, Captain Farmer, had conveniently died falling from a window of the King's Bench debtors' prison in a drunken carousal, he married her at Bryanston Square Church, and plain little Sally of Knockbrit was now the beautiful Countess of Blessington, chatelaine of a *salon* in St. James's Square.

Just how deeply her heart was in this one has to conjecture. Anyway, Cinderella the colleen had arrived at the ball. She was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence and shown at the Royal Academy. Eminent men came to pay her court, though society women, dubious about her past, were inclined to stay away.

For the honeymoon they went to the Mountjoy Forest Estate, Co. Tyrone, where the Earl spared no expense in altering and refurnishing the house, but Marguerite had no wish to remain there. Ireland had too many unhappy memories for the squireen's daughter. She preferred to shine as a London hostess, first in St. James's Square, then in Seamore Place. And one night, under the brilliant chandeliers, she met the elegant young

French count whose life was to link with hers until death.

At twenty-one Count d'Orsay, the son of one of Napoleon's generals, was tall, slim, broad-shouldered, handsome. He could paint, fence, ride, act; he was a dandy in dress, a master of epigram, a connoisseur in art and extravagant living, admired not only by women but by shrewd men like the Duke of Wellington, Carlyle, Disraeli. The Earl fell for his charms, no less than Marguerite—so much so that when the Blessingtons set out on a grand tour of France and Italy he was invited to join them.



The Blessingtons set out on a grand tour of France and Italy, and they travelled in such state that they were called the "Blessington Circus"

The party travelled in such state that they were called the " Blessington Circus." There was a string of *barouches* and other carriages, a platoon of footmen and maids, a chef in charge of portable kitchens, a commissariat of beds, linen, wardrobes, everything money could command.

They halted at Genoa to call on Byron, who found Blessington " very good-natured " but " much tamed since I recollect him in all the glory of gems and snuff-boxes." As for Milady, she seemed " highly literary " and " very pretty even in a morning—a species of beauty on which the sun of Italy does not shine so frequently as the chandelier."

Fox, Lord Holland's son, was also there, He found her " not at all pleasant, very vulgar and very abusive." When he first saw d'Orsay in the party and raised his eyebrows, she explained casually: " Oh, he is to marry Lord Blessington's daughter." " A blind, I suppose," thought Fox, for Harriet was not yet fifteen and the Count had never met her.

This match was as fantastic as anything in the Blessington saga. The Earl, now middle-aged, not only encouraged the friendship of d'Orsay with his wife; as a condition of the marriage he would settle £40,000 on Harriet and bequeath him a fortune in his will. The pale, apathetic girl, who had been brought up strictly by a spinster aunt and grandmother, was called over from Ireland, decked in fine clothes, reproved for her clumsy behaviour, and presented to the Count, who kissed her hand and made polite speeches. They were married at Naples, solely as a matter of form. He and Marguerite resumed their old gay, social life in Rome while the Earl with his bottle, the child-bride with her unhappy perplexity, moped at home.

Two years later, when the Circus was back in Paris, the Earl fell off his horse and died. The marriage, a union only in name, broke up as it was bound to do, and Harriet found (*Continued on page* 58)

In the spring of 1849 the World of Fashion thronged through Gore House, Kensington, for the twelve-days sale of the Blessington treasures, which realised hardly £12,000.

The end of a zebra. After a kill the lion usually has first turn selecting the tastiest portions. Five lions will consume a whole zebra in one meal

About Lions

Stories Of The King Of Beasts

By C. T. Stoneham

HE is known as the King of Beasts but his right to the title is disputable. In Africa the elephant might rightly claim it. The Indian tiger, because of his habits, is a more dangerous beast; he frequents the thickest jungle and attacks with stealth and secrecy. The lion is bold, given to self-advertisement, daring anyone to interfere with him. His appearance and demeanour are majestic and this has probably gained him his royal honours.

A well-grown lion will weigh five hundred pounds and measure ten feet in length. This means that when reared on his hind feet he will overtop a tall man by about four feet. When on all-fours he is forty inches high at the shoulder, so that with head raised he comes up to your top coat button. He could put a paw on you and just push you down flat.

His strength is unbelievable. He can carry an 800-pound ox a mile without putting it down. He will leap over a ten-foot stockade and climb out with a yearling steer in his jaws. I have seen him break two new leather straps an inch wide, and three strands of half-inch rope. All this was holding the carcass of an antelope to a tree; the lion decided to remove it, so he picked it up and walked off. Everything parted with a crack.

In view of this enormous strength it may be wondered how anybody ever escapes from the clutches of a lion. Well, from a man-eating lion he never does; he is taken away and killed as a poacher kills a rabbit. But there are innumerable instances of sportsmen surviving the mauling of lions. Invariably the animal is first wounded; he charges, grabs his assailant, bites and scratches him in frenzied fashion and then goes off.

We assume that all wild beasts who have little knowledge of man are terrified of him. To them he is something supernatural, a creature who habitually removes his skin, makes fire, rides on beasts, displays incomprehensible cunning and kills with weapons. Everything, from a mouse to an elephant, has a horror of man. The wounded lion, unable to escape, turns in desperation on the hunter, but is so frightened and frantic—as a man might be at grips with a ghost—that he merely knocks him about at random, and, when resistance ceases, is glad to leave him. The man-eater, who has lost all fear of man, treats him like any other helpless quarry.

The lion's lair is generally a bushy gulley or rocky kopje

This lioness was photographed out on the open veldt from a distance of twelve feet. She had, however, just had a meal off an antelope

THE habitat of the lion is the vast open plains of the African Plateau. He will live in what is called "bush-veld" but he does not like it too thick, and he abhors forest. In England lions would be found mostly in such places as the Yorkshire Moors and the South Downs, but there would also be a few on Wimbledon Common and Hampstead Heath. There would be none in Epping Forest or the New Forest. I think this preference is governed entirely by the food supply. Big herds of antelope and zebra live on the plains; they are easy to find, and, for the lion, not difficult to capture. (*Continued on page* 61)

There Was A Way Back

THE great hall crammed with coloured folk jigging and swaying to the throbbing blare of the band

THE *Scurry*, a fore-and-aft schooner, left New Orleans with a veneer of filth on her deck and a stench below of unclean bunks which subjugated the odours from a hundred years of cargoes that her creaking timbers exhaled: before she tacked across the Gulf of Mexico her deck was holystoned, her cabins swilled free of roaches, and bedding was washed and aired in the sun: for her coloured crew discovered they carried a Queen.

The Queen was old, with the years which fall so swift and sudden upon a negress like a cloak thrown unexpectedly over her shoulders, yet she still possessed that power of enslaving the male which, no matter under what names it has masqueraded through the ages, is simply the presentation, however deluding, of attractive incontinence.

A quarter of a century ago—how long that is, and how short—she left Jamaica to climb up to a crown: and now, dethroned these half a dozen years, she was coming home to die.

She sat in a long chair under an awning, lulled by the lazy lift and fall of the schooner, and looked over the turquoise glitter of the Caribbean and dreamed happily, not regretful nor repentant, wishing only one thing more from the remnants of her life: the satisfaction of a recently wakened urge to make sure that her son did indeed resemble his father. It was a tiny doubt that had sapped into the walled citadel of her contentment and she wanted to oust it. That, more than a desire to die in her native land, had brought her back. She wanted to make amends—if she had been wrong. But there really was no material doubt in her mind.

SHEBA AURORA'S father was a field-overseer on a coffee plantation in the Blue Mountains and her mother the daughter of a field-hand, and the isolation of the mountains bred in Sheba a craving for the lights and music of the city far below on the plains. So that, when she was sixteen and marriage proffered escape, she grasped it and went to live in a gaily painted two-roomed cabin with fretworked ridge and eaves on the outskirts of Kingston. Where she found, not happiness, but ennui worse than the out-of-this-world boredom of the mountains: and to make that unendurable the discovery that her husband, working for one of the big tobacco firms, was obsessed to the exclusion of all else with his possible transition from a stool in the clerks' office to a chair in the supervisors' room. And the mean clutching avarice of this high-collared youth was unveiled and Sheba became contemptuous of him and for his scold of a mother who continued to rule him she developed a fierce hatred. The lights and music, so close now, were farther from achievement than before: Soon she had the pathos of a caged humming-bird. A son was born to her and the dominance of her mother-in-law increased so that the babe might have been hers and not Sheba's and she became indifferent to this for the boy closely resembled his father. Sheba surrendered it completely to her mother-in-law.

The child was three years old when Sheba, with tickies appropriated from such household purchases as were not attended to by her mother-in-law, saved enough to buy, and hide from prying eyes, a frock of buttercup yellow silk and a pair of glistening shoes. She carried these from the cabin one afternoon before her husband returned from work, all unaware she would not return for twenty-five years, thinking only it was worth braving the venom of her mother-in-law's tongue to snatch one night amidst the music that her heart craved. Between the ragged dwarf banana fronds she saw her mother-in-law nursing the baby on the verandah of the adjoining cabin: then she marched away, eyes shining, hips and shoulders swaying, along the coastroad towards the big City with dust bespatting whitely her ankles above her rope-soled canvas shoes.

When stars blazoned the purple velvet of the Caribbean night she stood at the entrance of the dance hall at Cross-roads:

A Little Deception Which Gave New Life And Happiness To A Sick Woman

By Alan Hyder

waiting : a-tiptoe in the high-heeled shoes : ecstatic under the cling of the yellow silk frock.

Sheba's first movements in babyhood had been instinct with the rhythm of dancing, her first crooning chuckles instinct with the rhythm of music, and the preparatory tuning of the band rendered her slim, curved body deliquescent with rhapsody. Even through the glittering after-years that first dance remained as a criterion of transported enchantment.

The great hall crammed with coloured folk jigging and swaying to the throbbing blare of the band; sweat, smoke and heat; and, outside, buggies tethered about the cooling bar set under the giant cotton-tree; and the low-hung moon silhouetting and gilding the palms.

At an open window, fat black features sweat-beaded, diamonded teeth flashing, beringed black podgy hands beating to the music's tempo, was See Esparto, ace trumpeter, bandleader, and part owner of a New York night-club, home in Jamaica to settle his affairs. Sheba, vivid in yellow, pliable as a withy in her partner's arms, attracted his attention. His beady pop-eyes could not leave her.

"Shake that thing, baby!" he cried as she swayed close. And, to his companion, he added admiringly : "That baby sure got what it takes!"

The band swung into "Mongoose" and Sheba, knowing the song, sang it. See Esparto was excited into action. In the next interval he thrust his bulk regally between Sheba's clamouring partners and escorted her to the bar. Where he spoke seriously to her. "Listen, baby! I gotta wife and seven kids. And that Mammy and them kids don't leave me with no inclinations nowhere else, see! so! Strictly business, see!" And See Esparto made a proposal. "Stake you to New York. Put in a few weeks rehearsing, see! Then—Wham! Turn you loose before the tables!" He loomed before her, fat, glittering opulence offering all that Sheba yearned for, a great world of lights and music and life waiting for her conquest.

She sighed, deeply regaining her lost breath. Then her head went up and she said : "Yassuh!" See Esparto groaned. "Monkey nigger talk! How long will you take to forget that? Say, 'Yes, sir'!" Sheba said : "Yes, sir!" She never said 'Yassuh' again.

"Atta, baby!" Esparto cried. Then : "Me! First I take the exes I lay out, see. Then twenty-five per."

Sheba did not know what that meant but, later, when she found out, she would as willingly have signed away fifty per centum.

"You flop and I'm outta pocket," See Esparto shrugged. "But I don't reckon you'll flop."

Sheba said : "No, sir."

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

SHE did not go back to the dance-hall. Esparto took her to a Chinese hotel by the harbourside : he was in a luxurious hotel close to King Street : and five days later Sheba sailed on a banana boat for New York. She did not "flop." Ten months after her arrival SHEBA QUEEN OF SHAKE was in lights on Broadway. By some caprice of accoustics her deep contralto voice gained in the microphone a flooding sensual *tremolo* that was irresistible : it had that out-of-this-world stuff stars are made of. And the hip writhing and shoulder shaking customary and demanded of American singers became, when Sheba "shook that thing" impudicity, licentiousness almost, through contrast with the naivety of her wide black eyes.

See Esparto purchased the other half of his night-club with his "twenty-five per."

On the stage, and the screen, Sheba was commonplace. She was purely cabaret. Her throne was the floor and the intimacy between the tables of cabaret. Slim, too lissome to be called thin, peak-breasted, with undulatory hips, dressed always in yellow, off-the-shoulders, long-skirted frocks that showed off her slenderness and her creamy-coffee skin to perfection, Sheba queened Broadway through the years, on the level course of cabaret without the rocketing plunges of film-set and theatre. Until, aghast at discovery of her long run of fortune, Adversity struck.

Sheba went into hospital for an appendicectomy: and pneumonia developed. She went South to recover her health. And came back to be faced with the fickleness of Broadway. Engagements grew scarce: and scarcer. She went South again seeking in New Orleans what she had lost in New York. But America screams: Youth! Youth! Snarls: Scrap! Scrap and Replace!

From cabaret to night-club, from club to dive, from dive to joint, with SHEBA QUEEN OF SHAKE ever diminishing in the billing. Savings began to vanish. A catarrh threatened her singing voice. Illness struck again.

WHEN Sheba left hospital this time her slim figure had not thickened but her hair was grey. And because, so suddenly, the future darkened and she could not peer into it, she consulted a fortune-teller: and with the superstition of her race, believed his forecasts of a return to better days. She also believed when, finding she had no money left or at least was not prepared to spend any more with him, the fortune-teller took hope away. It was written, he told her, that she would shortly die. And to avoid waste of time which could be at the disposal of wealthier clients he advised: You should return home.

New York! That was home. But that great cold city had raised her up and cast her down. Home! For the first time in years Sheba thought of the cloud-necklaced Jamaican mountains and the little cabin with the fretworked ridge. But they did not beckon, did not play upon her heart strings.

Then, impatiently, the fortune-teller added:

"There is one who awaits your homecoming."

It was merely the peremptory closing of a consultation. But it gave birth to that tiny doubt which crept into Sheba's walled city of contentment. Who could be waiting? Her husband? He would have long forgotten her. Her parents? They were dead these many years. Remained only her son, Randle, named after his father and taking after his father and therefore with no place in her affections. Came the insidious doubt! Suppose that, after all, Randle had grown to manhood and away from resemblance to his father?

With her death foretold Sheba sold her jewellery, retaining only enough to atone should she have been wrong, and bought a passage on the *Scurry*. And nearing Jamaica she became convinced that her journey was foolish, for even had Randle some slight affinity with her, it would long have been eaten from him by the acidity of his termagant grandmother.

The *Scurry* ran past Cape San Antonio, took the wind on her starboard quarter, and ran before it to Kingston. They threaded the harbour channel with Sheba erect like a Queen in the bow looking up at the mountains where she was born. Past the earthquake-tumbled fort of Port Royal, to an unfrequented anchorage behind the Palisadoes with the white, green and scarlet of Kingston across the wide harbour. Carrying a small hold-all in which was a yellow frock and the jewellery of atonement Sheba went ashore in the cock-boat. That night she slept in a lodging-house. And she had no delight in her homecoming.

Her sleep was fitful so that it was late in the morning when she wakened. She was wakened by singing.

The sweetness and freshness of youth was in the voice: and the eternal rhythm of Africa. It warmed Sheba's heart, took her back through the years with a smile on her lips. She thought: That girl will never get the chance that was given to me. She wanted to see her and reaching out of bed banged the floor with her shoe, waited, tiredly, laying back watching the purple and crimson and white bougainvillea belling gently outside the window.

The singing came up the steep, dark, narrow stairs as if it lighted them and a girl carried in coffee and fruit on a metal tray. Entranced by the song Sheba saw herself as though in an age-dimmed mirror, saw herself in the little cabin with the fretworked ridge: and heard herself silenced there. Between the two, so different, there was a rapport. Sheba, her lissomeness now inelastic, but still slim, and her coffee-coloured skin still with a creamy (*Continued on page 70*)

THE singing came up the steep, dark, narrow stairs as if it lighted them and a girl carried in coffee and fruit on a metal tray

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She could imagine how he felt, and wanted to say something comforting to him, but to stop and speak to him was not at all the sort of thing that Henry would expect his fiancée to do; Henry, who was a very different type. Her own type, of course, she told herself hurriedly. Afterwards, when she thought about it, she had no idea what actually had made her turn and speak to the soldier.

"I'm sorry," she said, "that you've got such a bad first impression of England. Things are a bit grim here at the moment. Probably the man you blackguarded in the cloakroom is just as much fed up as you."

The soldier looked down at her, seeing a girl in a plain grey dress with a white collar. With it she wore a white hat, so that her genera appearance was cool.

She was fair-haired and he liked fair women. She was tall, too, and slim.

"Well," he said, "I'd heard that this had become a land of rules and regulations."

"It has, but at least we all suffer together."

"That's not much comfort." He had a north-country accent.

"I just hated to see you so disappointed and angry," she said. She would be dreadfully late for Henry.

As he regarded her, his features relaxed into a grin. "I'm afraid I cursed a bit," he said.

"I thought you'd blow up altogether—like a bomb." She smiled at him.

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

He took a case from his pocket. "Have a cigarette?"

She wasn't, he thought, the type that picked you up, or that you picked up. She was sure of herself in a way that a picker-up wasn't. She didn't, in fact, belong to the type of girl that in the past he had known.

She was about to say: "No, thank you," when she caught a look in his eye. Henry would have to wait. She accepted a cigarette, thanking him. He lit it for her.

"I heard you say you had come home for good," she said. She couldn't just accept his cigarette and then leave him.

"To *England* for good. I haven't a home any more. It used to be in Leeds." Now that he was no longer in a rage, he had a nice face. It was rugged. He was, she thought, a big, rather violent man.

"I've never been to Leeds," she said.

"It's all right if you like music. There's plenty there."

Her interest quickened. "Do you like it? Music, I mean."

"I'm crazy about it. That was the only good thing about Italy. Opera."

"Oh, so you were in Italy, too?"

"Yes."

If Henry could see her standing with a soldier in Victoria Station and smoking a cigarette! He would not understand. He would be horrified.

"You like Italian opera?" she said.

"Yes, but I like modern stuff, too. There's a chap called Janacek—I've heard some of his music. I like that."

Her interest quickened still more. Henry thought she pretended over Janacek, but then, Henry's interest in music was perfunctory. "I like it, too," she said. She threw down the stub of her cigarette and trod on it. "I have to meet someone, so I must go. I hope you won't hate England too much after all."

"I could talk to you all day." He had no notion what had made him say it, except that it was true.

She was searching in her bag. "Look, my aunt gave me two tickets for the Albert Hall to-morrow night. It's a Tchaikowsky programme. Do take them. I shan't be able to go."

He took them from her. "But I don't need two," he said. He handed her back one. "I don't know anyone in London. But thanks—I'd like to go."

"I must run," she said, "good-bye!"

"Good-bye, and—thanks," he said, and she knew he wasn't thanking her only for the tickets. It was a most extraordinary thing for her to have done, she thought, as she jumped on to a bus.

HENRY was sitting in the foyer of the restaurant smoking a cigarette. A glass of orange juice stood before him. He drank orange juice whenever possible, for he was careful about vitamins. He was bookish. It was his bookishness which had first attracted her to him. He was so very, very knowledgeable. He liked strange plays, too, the kind that were

AS she passed him she saw that he recognized her. He looked perhaps a little shame-faced, but still he scowled. She could imagine how he felt, and wanted to say something comforting to him

performed in little theatres. He was thin and pale, and in the Civil Service, and he wore glasses. Behind them his eyes were a pale, indefinite blue. In his own department of the Civil Service he was something of a power. He earned a thousand pounds a year, and she, with luck, earned four hundred.

"I'm afraid we've lost our table," he said as he rose to greet her.

"I'm very sorry, Henry." She felt more than usually guilty. "And I must be back at the office by two thirty. Perhaps we had better see if we can get anything fit to eat in the snack-bar."

"I'M afraid we've lost our table," he said as he rose to greet her. "I'm very sorry, Henry." Valerie felt more than usually guilty. "And I must be back at the office by two thirty"

Now, she knew that she was really in disgrace, for he disliked snack-bars and rushed meals gave him indigestion. He liked to ponder over choosing a meal, and sit after it for a while over his coffee. That was Henry. On a high stool he looked out of place.

"I'll have salmon mayonnaise," she said, deciding quickly.

"How unwise of you. The mayonnaise is probably filth."

He said he would have cold pressed beef and salad without a dressing. "What made you so late?" he asked. He was not a man to tack "darling" on to such a question.

"I stopped to talk to a soldier."

"What?" He stared at her through his glasses as though what she had said suggested mental aberration.

"I said I stopped to talk to a soldier. I had to leave Aunt Edith's suit-case at Victoria because she wanted to shop before going away, and he was in front of me in the queue, humping a kit-bag. They wouldn't take it, and he was furious."

"If cloakrooms were to take all the kit-bags of the British Army, possibly there would be no room for civilian baggage," said Henry.

"Yes, but it made the soldier depressed about England."

"I don't see why you should have felt therefore bound to talk to him," said Henry.

She thought, how flat he makes everything.

"I couldn't bear to think of someone coming back after years, expecting a lot, and then being disappointed. He looked so lonely," she said, knowing that this would carry little weight.

"If one returns to a country on the brink of ruin through the laziness and inefficiency of its workers, one is apt to see the writing on the wall," said Henry very typically, for he was a pessimist, and therefore warped.

"I discovered he liked music," she said, a little inconsequently.

"The Warsaw Concerto?" Henry at least knew that the Warsaw Concerto was not a work to like.

"No, better music."

"I'd rather, if you'll forgive my saying so, that you did not make the acquaintance under such strange circumstances, of strange men."

He relapsed into a sulky silence.

I can't marry him, she thought. Why didn't I know it before? Knowing it seemed suddenly to clear the air. I can't tell him so now. I'll tell him to-morrow when we dine together—no, before we dine together—when he comes to fetch me, because I can't go to that play with him just after having told him, and I can't wait till after it to tell him either, because I'll have taken the play and dinner from him. Perhaps it won't even hurt him. If only it doesn't hurt him. . . .

"I'm afraid I must go," said Henry

AS he got off his stool she felt sorry for him because he looked so small and so tired. Perhaps, she thought, as she walked back to the office, she had always been a little sorry for him. Perhaps that had been the cause of it all, or perhaps, if she were honest, she, who did not meet many men, had wanted to get married. It was a shame-making thought. Now she pictured the soldier at the concert. Her aunt, unable to go on account of a sudden call out of London, had left with her niece the tickets that had been proffered by a musical friend, and had said: "Take Henry. They're giving the Tchaikowsky fourth. It may stimulate him." Aunt Edith did not like Henry.

She had answered that Henry did not much care for music; that he preferred the theatre, and that he was taking her to the new Sartres play.

"I wonder you let him fill your mind with poison," Aunt Edith had said, for she did not like Sartres either.

SHE was a copy-writer for an advertising firm, and did much of her work at home. When she reached the office she settled down to write of a new face cream for a firm of beauty specialists. A Christmas advertisement was wanted. "Men only!" she typed as a heading, and then: "Give the one and only 'she' one of our specially packed Christmas beauty boxes. See her grow daily more lovely. Watch her skin respond to the glamorizing secrets that lie in our new 'Femina' skin food. . . ." Gosh, what bosh, she thought; and, as she cast the sheet of paper on the floor, pictured the soldier's face were he to read what she had typed. Some men would give skin food as a present, she thought, but not he. It was odd that she should keep on thinking of him.

If she did not marry Henry she would probably spend the rest of her life thinking up preferably *(Continued on page 68)*

POCKET HANDKERCHIEF GARDEN

EVERY owner of a small backyard knows the problem of achieving character in a small space, but these views show what can be done with very limited resources. Some are rather more than pocket handkerchief size, but each holds a suggestion for overcoming the disadvantages of small-scale gardening.

1. A stone figurine and whitewashed loggia impart an Italian flavour to this tiny courtyard.

2. Not a small garden this, but a serpentine pathway always adds interest as well as a suggestion of length to a narrow plot.

3. Where conditions are unfavourable for flowering plants, introduce colour to the layout with white stone foiled against dark evergreens.

4. Potted geraniums or vivid petunias, gay garden furniture and whitewashed walls create a pleasant sun-trap garden out of a dingy backyard.

5. Where poor soil and lack of sunlight make lawn-raising an unrewarding labour, crazy paving-stones with miniature rock plants sown in the interstices form an attractive alternative.

6. Few possibilities in this narrow courtyard on one side of the house, but potted shrubs, flower-boxes and a few plaques and stone figures have turned it into a fragrant oasis of colour.

Room For A Bouquet

ART dealers and picture galleries confirm that flower paintings are best-sellers. In the choice of flower pictures, novices and art connoisseurs find common ground. To most women the flower picture has the same warm appeal as a living bouquet, with the pleasant advantage that it is permanent and lends itself to the promotion of colour in the room in which it hangs.

The purchase of good pictures is complicated for the present by the limited variety of reproductions. Paradoxically, the less costly original paintings are often better value, relatively speaking, than reproductions which carry 100 per cent. purchase tax. The result is that a good reproduction may cost six or seven guineas framed, while a competent original by an up-and-coming artist may be as low as eight or nine.

One can, of course, buy flower pictures from two pounds, for a modest colour print unframed, or original works from five pounds to fifty or more, according to the reputation of the artist. These are art-dealers' prices. If you are uncertain of your judgment, it is advisable to purchase originals through a dealer, but if you have an eye for merit you may well pick up a bargain from a promising "unknown," and for a few pounds give a favourite room the cachet that only a good picture can give.

The pictures shown on the facing page are carefully selected examples of artistic merit in their different spheres of character and price. The fragile beauty of the subjects in water colour by Giorgio commend themselves especially for decorative scheme of pastel colouring and graceful furnishing. Such originals cost from eight to twelve pounds. The oil subject by Frank Limbrick asks for a room of more substantial character. This picture is in a more exalted price range at thirty-eight guineas. The dry-point etching by Elyse Ashe Lord, left corner, has the sharp luminosity of stained class, positive enough to give the clue for a whole scheme of colour.

STUDY OF CHRISTMAS ROSES AND HOLLY IN WATER-COLOUR, BY GIORGIO.

ANOTHER WATER-COLOUR BY GIORGIO OF BLOOMS DRIFTING ACROSS A SUMMER SKY.

A DRY-POINT ETCHING IN COLOUR, HAND-PULLED BY THE ARTIST, ELYSE ASHE LORD.

A FORMAL BOUQUET DESIGN IN OILS BY FRANK LIMBRICK

Two-Colour Twin Set

MATERIALS : For Cardigan—7 ozs. of 3-ply Lavenda in white ; 1 oz. of 3-ply Lavenda in navy ; 1 pair each of No. 12 and No. 10 knitting needles ; 9 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 ins. ; across the back underarm, 17 ins. ; across underarm of half-front, 9 ins. ; underarm of sleeve measurement, 17½ ins.

TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

CARDIGAN.

THE BACK

With white wool and No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. Rib 3 ins. k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 10 needles and following pattern.

1st row.—* K. 2, p. 2. Repeat from * ending k. 2. This one row forms the pattern.

Work for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 124 sts. and work measures 13½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 94 sts. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining sts. for the back of the neck.

(*Continued on page* 66)

MATERIALS : For Pullover—6 ozs. of 3-ply Lavenda in white ; 1 oz. of 3-ply Lavenda in navy ; 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles ; 2 buttons ; No. 12 crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins. ; across the back and front underarms, 17 ins. ; underarm of sleeve seam, 6 ins.

TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

PULLOVER.

With No. 12 needles and white wool cast on 102 sts. Rib in, k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles *and* on the last row of ribbing inc. 1 st. in every 5th st., ending k. 1. (122 sts.). Change to the following pattern.

1st row.—* K. 2, p. 2. Repeat from *, ending k. 2. This one row forms the pattern. Continue until 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 92 sts. remain.

Work for ½-in. Change to navy wool with a knit row. Continue in pattern until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE FOR NECK

Work 40 sts., cast off 12 sts., work 40 sts.

Work on the last set of 40 sts. for 2 ins., at the same time casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole-end rows. Return to the 40 remaining sts., join wool at the centre edge and work to correspond with the last set of 40 sts. (*Continued on page* 66)

ABBREVIATIONS : *K. = knit ; p. = purl ; st. = stitch ; sts. = stitches ; dec. = decrease ; inc. = increase ; tog. = together ; beg. = beginning.*

Early Summer Cottons

Serious shopping for summer has begun with deliveries to the stores of cotton prints, more particularly those of a substantial weight, including linen-type suits and rayon linen dresses.

Left, above, is Susan Small's crisp French cotton print evening dress in several combinations of pastel colouring on white. The detachable stole fastens under the arms like a cape, or the dress can be worn without it for formal occasions. Price £8 12s. 6d. A day dress, top, by the same designer is an identical print. Price £5 15s. Brenner's linen-type suit, extreme right, is in two tones of grey, and below, a neat linen-type suit for town wear in navy and white by Meda Sports. Price £6 11s.

Particulars of retailers stocking these models can be had on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope to "Britannia and Eve," Women's Department, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Talking Shop

Piccadilly Circus before Eros. Swan and Edgar were already sporting lofty shop windows in the 1840's, but as yet considered it not quite nice to display merchandise in them.
(*"Picture Post" Library.*)

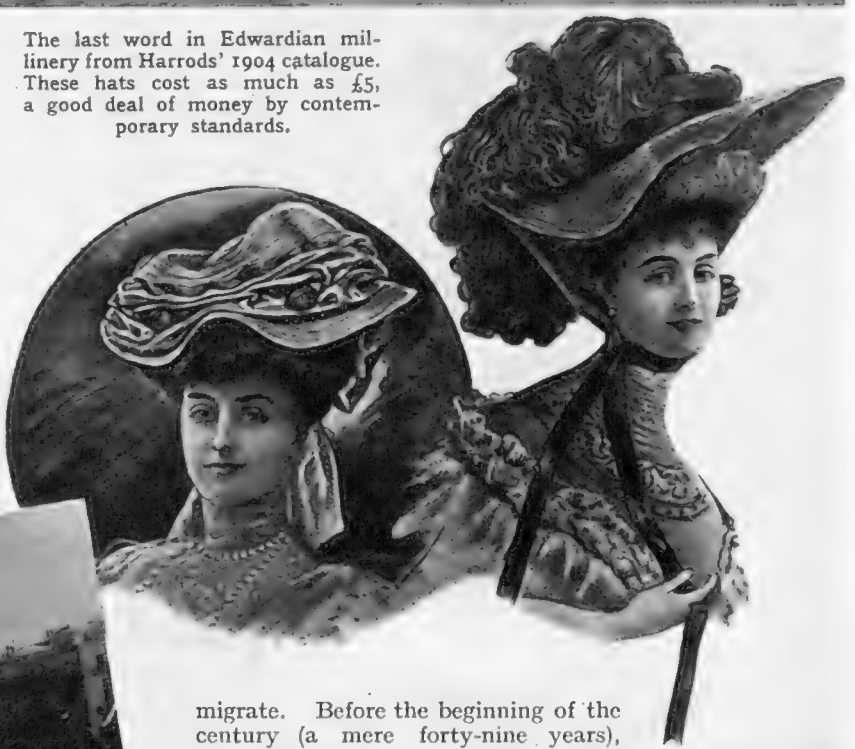
IN the lean years, the term "shopping" has come to be associated with frustration in all its exasperating forms, but we who have been nurtured in the era of the Department Store and mass-production merchandise tend to forget, if we ever knew, what shopping meant to our ancestors not so very far removed.

The past is becomingly veiled in a rosy haze of plenty and of prices out of all reason to dwellers in the new world of inflation. But were our grandmothers so much better situated when it came to shopping for the home and for themselves?

The earlier picture shows us nothing of the great shopping centres as we know them now.

Go back a mere fifty years, which is little as time is measured, and we find that the era of the Department Store building is only commencing.

Facilities of transport give the clue to the development of the shopping centre. So far as the Metropolis is concerned, the introduction of trams and buses on a progressive scale made it possible for the first time for the average shopper to migrate. Before the beginning of the century (a mere forty-nine years), local shopping, with its many limitations, was the average woman's lot. No mail orders; precious little window-gazing for her, while advertising was in its early infancy and bitterly suspect unless associated with advertisers of impeccable reputation.



The last word in Edwardian millinery from Harrods' 1904 catalogue. These hats cost as much as £5, a good deal of money by contemporary standards.

A sunny morning in 1904 brings the world of fashion to shop in Regent Street.
(*"Picture Post" Library.*)

At this time, the window display was still cutting its teeth. In 1849 such display was considered vulgar in the extreme, and it was not until this polite inhibition was discarded that the plate-glass window made an appearance. Harrods installed them in 1890, but even then innocent of merchandise, and only discreetly embellished with a name-plate.

SO much for the shops themselves, but what about the merchandise? Catalogues, like the one dated Summer 1880, illustrated here, are mouth-watering enough. Wool materials of 43 ins. wide are offered at 1s. 11½d. a yard; silk cashmeres at 2s. 4½d., but where was the ready-made garment for the woman of modest means? It hardly existed. The woman of means could buy ready-mades

1904 figure control. Customers' attention was discreetly drawn to the 12-in. busk and front suspenders.

In 1904, mink had not yet mutated into the four-figure class. This muff could be ordered in mink for 49s. 6d.

At Your Service

Many shoppers are unaware of all the excellent and useful services that are offered by the typical modern stores, besides the usual shopping facilities.

One London store, for instance, features a "shoe of the month." The model chosen is always from one of the best-known ranges and has a seasonal fashion appeal. It can always be relied upon as a sound buy and good supplies of the model are ensured so that no one who wishes to buy it need be disappointed.

The same stores takes a special interest in the youthful O.S. who has no desire to wear the traditional O.S. styles. Their newly-opened "Mid-Size Department" is stocked with charming and fashionable clothes, all of which will fit the 42-in. to 46-in. hip figure.

A Home Centre, staffed with specialists in domestic science who will answer questions and advise on all problems relating to home management, is the speciality of another store. Help will be given on all problems relating to laundry, cookery and cleaning, and new household equipment is demonstrated, free of charge.

A fur-cleaning and storage service is offered at another. The furs are cleaned by a reputable method and are carefully inspected before they go into storage. The storage chambers are kept at a constant temperature to ensure against deterioration.

More than one big Store has recently opened Débutante Departments to look after the specialised needs of the teenager. In these departments the young girl can be fitted out from head to toe with a wardrobe designed to meet her individual needs.

at the larger stores, but lower-income groups were almost entirely dependent upon the little dressmaker or on their own sewing skill.

There are strange anomalies of price in a fashion-store catalogue of 1874. Ball dresses were offered in "great variety" at 21s., but an Indian Rampore shawl (an indispensable item of apparel) is marked at 45s., and the better qualities went up to £6; a great deal of money by contemporary standards. Linen sheeting (you sewed your own) was 2s. a yard and double damask tablecloths 7s. 11d. each, but a gay headpiece like the picture-hat illustrated here was as much as £5.

TO-DAY we have the advantages of mass production; of shop windows in every newspaper and periodical; a variety of merchandise which, despite wartime shortages, make the draper of the last century look very small fry. It is all a question of standards, and we must allow that in recent years shopping standards have hit the ceiling.

WINIFRED LEWIS.

Footmen outside a fashionable emporium described in 1842 as "the laced lumber of fashion, discussing the characters of their several mistresses, for whom they are waiting, with as little ceremony and tenderness as they would crack nuts withal."

SUMMER, 1880.
that they have recently effected
purchases of
which they can thoroughly recommend both
for value and durability.
SAMPLES ENCLOSED, WITH DESCRIPTIONS,
AS UNDER.
A Black French Merino, 43 inches wide, 1/11½ per yard.
B Superior Black French Merino, 43 inches wide, 2/6½ per yard. Blue Shade of Black if desired.
C Colored Serge d'Ete, 25 inches wide, all wool, 1/0½ per yard, in Navy Blue, Myrtle Green, Dark Prune, Burgundy, and Brown.
D Superior Colored Cashmere Serge, 24 inches wide, 1/3½ per yard in Navy Blue, Brown, Bronze, Prune, Mid Prune, Dahlia, Paon, Myrtle Green, Claret, Cardinal, Ruby, Almond, and Black.
E New Silk Spot Cashmeres, pure Silk and Wool, without mixture of Cotton, 24 inches wide, 2/4½ per yard (Summer Shades).
Rich Black Gros Grain, pure dye (exceptional value), 24 inches wide, 4/3 per yard.
The above Goods are charged at the lowest possible Cash Price.
Parcels of £5 and upwards sent carriage free to all parts of the United Kingdom.
PICCADILLY AND REGENT STREET, LONDON.

Seen in Passing

Valerie Burke brings more news from the shopping front. If you would like further details of any item mentioned by her, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to The Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

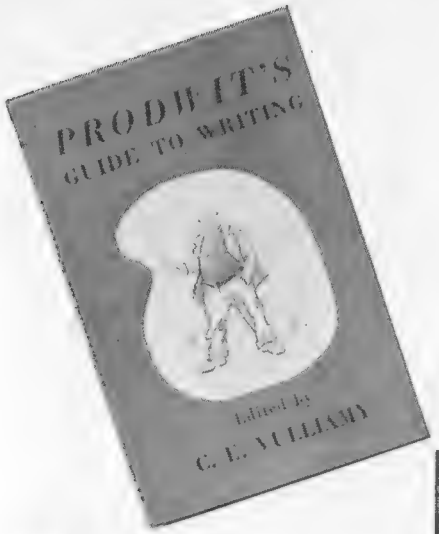
WISE shoppers start now to collect the etceteras for summer holidays. A one-piece swimsuit, tailored from clever fabric that gentles the figure into softly-rounded curves, will see you confidently down to the sea. A Skif model, price £3 10s. A bathing cap that really keeps the hair dry is worth its weight in rubber. The Roxy bathing cap is fitted with a patent flange that will withstand even Atlantic breakers. In lovely colours, price 8s. 6d.

A cartwheel hat, Coolie or Mexican style, above, will shade the eyes and add a special cachet to a seaside ensemble. This hat costs 38s., and hand-plaited espadrilles to match, 45s. There are, however, less expensive models of both from 25s. each. A raffia bag completes the beach ensemble at 35s.

Dainty summer clothes must have dainty foundations to match. These English Rose models are made in black, white, blue and lemon as alternatives to the ubiquitous pink. The suspender belt is 17s. 6d., and the two versions of the bra—the strapless one for sunsuits as well as summer evening décolleté—are 16s. 6d. each.

The Windcheat is America's latest sweater for casual wear with slacks or skirt. In thick looped cotton jersey, they are cosy to wear and wash like a rag. Now available at a London stores in a lovely range of colours, three blues, pink, white, daffodil, nigger, pearl-grey and stone. Price 16s. 6d.

Quick-change loose-cover lampshades are an easy and inexpensive way of prettying up the house for summer. Made so that they can be opened flat for easy laundering, in organdie or lace with blue, green, yellow, pink or peach ribbon trimming, price 22s., for the table-lamp size. The same galleries have good ideas for glamourising utility furniture at reasonable prices. A dressing-table frilled drape can be made up for only 35s.



Books:

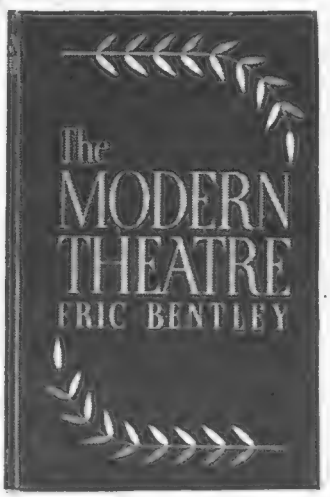
Reviewed by Trevor Allen

PERMIT me, as one of them, to warn you against reviewers. Cynically, shamelessly, they impose on the public. Most are flat fish amazingly destitute of invention. The newspaper sort are "drooling or tongue-lolling folk who babble of 'powerful,' 'brilliant,' 'romantic,' 'must-not-be-missed,' 'rewarding' and 'ought-to-be-read-by-everybody' books." The baser mercenaries "sell themselves to publishers at so many guineas a puff." Anything else? Oh, yes. Even at the higher levels the most obvious thing is their ignorance. All this and hell too in "Prodwit's Guide to Writing" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) edited by C. E. Vulliamy. And lest you think the amiable gent in question is more prod than wit may I add that he lets editors off much more lightly, the coward, and writes quite amusingly about every branch of literary craft, or should I say graft? His Guide, in fact, is powerful, brilliant, romantic, must-not-be. . . . But hush, haven't I heard that before? . . .

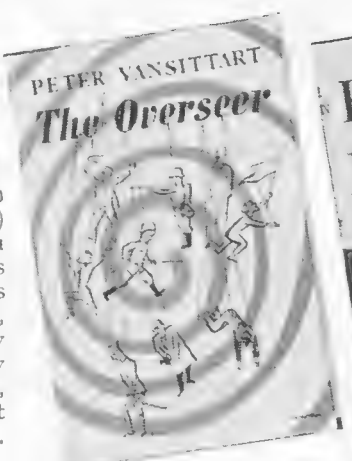
NO one could have had a less propitious introduction to "the father of modern India" than Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, now Governor of the United Provinces. In 1914, when he arrived fresh from his South Africa triumphs, she met Mahatma Gandhi in his Kensington lodging, seated on a black prison blanket and eating a meal of squashed tomatoes and olive oil out of a wooden prison bowl. Around him were battered tins of parched groundnuts and tasteless biscuits of dried plantain flour. "Come in," said he, "and share my meal." "No, thanks," she replied, sniffing; "what an abominable mess it is!" This she discloses in a devout introduction to "Mahatma Gandhi" (Odhams, 12s. 6d.) in which H. S. L. Polak, his close colleague and deputy in South Africa, writes of the early years; H. N. Brailsford, who knew him in India, the middle years; and Lord Pethick-Lawrence, former friend and Secretary of State for India, the last years. This is a serious close-up study of his life, character, political beliefs, struggles, and teachings, relieved by the astonishing revelation that the great leader who vowed never to touch wine, women or meat, once wanted to fit himself for polite society and become an English gentleman. He bought fashionable clothes, including a silk hat, spent much time before a mirror arranging his tie and parting his hair, and took dancing lessons.

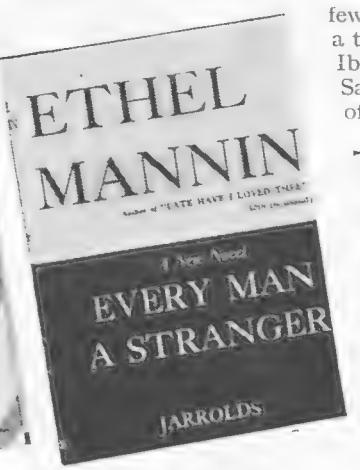
Call of The Shires

MAY sunshine, and the calls of the Shires. Two in the County Books (Hale, 15s.) are Edmund Vale's "**Shropshire**" and L. T. C. Rolt's "**Worcestershire,**" both interpretations of the spirit of history, people and place, not just guides. Mr. Vale is easy, companionable, Mr. Rolt more in the grand manner, with jabs at towny planners and vandals out to destroy traditional beauty. To Mr. Vale Shropshire has always brought "mental images of trotting horses, running dogs, extra woolly sheep, a glimpse of red earths under foot and aquiline violet profiles on the horizon." Mr. Rolt suggests a picture not only of black-and-white cottage, narrow lane, duck-pond and fruit blossom, but of tarmac motor road, council houses, and combine harvester. The photographs are masterprints; each has a map. No books could better endear one to a county, whether one lives in or out of it.

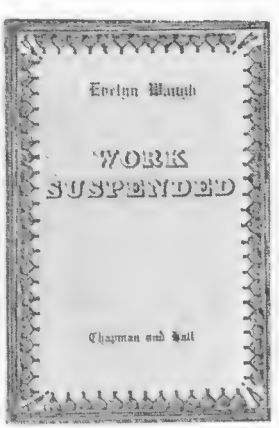


I AM interested to learn that in Britain drama is "reduced to the status of opera: all the best energy goes into revivals of classics"; *Oklahoma!* is trite, cocksure, sentimental, vacuous, and its colour and dancing are "the embellishment of a scarecrow"; while Shaw's ideas flash, roar and reach the target, Priestley's "fizz and flop like damp fireworks": and our future hope lies outside the commercial theatre altogether. Eric Bentley, writing from the U.S. side on "The Modern Theatre" (Hale, 12s. 6d.), weighs it primarily as art, not box-office, and once he has let off a few squibs gets down in earnest to a thorough exposition of Wagner, Ibsen, Shaw, Wilde, Strindberg, Sartre, Brecht, and other pioneers of the past half-century.





THE development of domestic architecture during the past four centuries makes a fascinating study. First, the Renaissance impetus from the Continent, then Inigo Jones and Wren, the eighteenth-century Palladian masters, the Adam brothers, the Victorian decline, the gradual ascent again through Morris and his successors. Ralph Dutton traces the graph expertly in "The English Interior: 1500 to 1900" (Batsford, 21s.), a handsome volume with seven colour plates, nearly 200 photographs, plans and diagrams.



MORE crazy inventions have been launched during the past 100 years than in the previous ten centuries. A Frenchman fitted a lightning conductor to his umbrella and silk hat. A rocking chair was geared with string and rollers to work a butter churn and rock a baby's cradle. Edison devised a sewing machine with a motor powered by sound waves set up by the seamstress incessantly talking into a membrane mounted level with her mouth. "Patent Applied For" (Co-Ordination Press, 10s. 6d.) is an incredibly illustrated Believe-It-Or-Not survey of the century's freaks by Fred Coppersmith and J. J. Lynx, and amusing reading it makes.

(*Continued on page* 62)

In search of Glamour..

For the strong-minded woman few things are more entertaining and economical than window shopping. The weak-minded window shopper may be tempted to buy lightly and inadvisedly and what she buys in haste she is likely to regret later at her leisure. But the intelligent woman cannot be fooled by attractive display. She will study the merchandise carefully and get all the pros and cons weighed up in her own mind before she actually enters the shop. For the first time in many years window shopping has become quite as attractive in London as it is in New York, Paris or Brussels.

Jane Gordon

IT is easy enough to buy labour-saving equipment, but it is not always so easy to sell the idea of the device you have bought to the person who actually does the work. For this reason I make it a rule to act in the most diffident manner when presenting my staff with any new gadget which I hope may help to make their work easier. Just lately my purchases have been received with such enthusiasm that I feel quite puffed up with pride. The other day I went into the kitchen and presented Ada, my cook, with a tin of special cleanser for the cooker together with a long handled brush specially designed for cleaning the enamel sides and inside top lining of the oven. She told me that this particular cleanser was the one we had used for years on the oven, but the brush was new to her and exactly what she wanted to get at all the corners. The cleanser is one of those that you smear on last thing at night when your cooker is cold, leave on all night and clean off next morning. She was so pleased with the brush that she asked me if I had bought anything else and I shyly admitted that I had bought a tin of glass polish for windows, mirrors, windscreens, spectacles and glazed surfaces.

Ada said that if it would clean her spectacles, she was willing to believe that it would clean anything. She presented me with a pair of spectacles which were really shockingly dull and she said she had tried everything on them, including soda, methylated spirits and scrubbing. In two minutes I had them sparklingly clear for her. One great advantage of this preparation is that it prevents the glass from steaming up when you come out of the cold into a warm room. You can also use the paste for polishing your table glass or mirrors, and if I had a car I would certainly keep a tin in the car to polish up the windscreen. My good deed for the housework that day was to buy a bottle of liquid preparation to shine up the bathroom tiles, chromium, the "frige" and even the light bulbs. This, too, was gratefully received.

I also bought a repair kit for small household breakages. This little kit costs only 2s. and contains four tubes of cement; one a special glue for repairing woodwork, another a heat and waterproof cement for repairing china, teapots, crockery and vases, the third a heat and waterproof cement for repairing plastic articles as well as toys and the fourth a rubber cement for repairing waterproof clothing, soft leather goods and handbags.

Having done all I could to glamorize the home I set out to look for the newest ideas on the market for personal glamour and found the last thing in lip make-up. It is called "Thick and Thin" and consists of two lipsticks in individual cases joined together with a small gilt chain. "Thin" is, of course, the outline pencil. It is very small with a fine point and the lip pencil is firm enough to outline the lips. "Thick" is the standard size lipstick and it is creamier and more glossy than the ordinary lipstick but in spite of this it really stays put. Both cases are in fluted gilt metal and are designed specially to save messiness when putting in a refill. The remains of the old lipstick are removed by taking the push-button right out of the top of the case and then it is easy to slide in the refill. "Thick and Thin" is available in seven shades: Pink, Capri, Seventeen, Cherry, Basque, Petunia and a new shade called Mantilla and the price of the combined "Thick and Thin" set is 7s. 9d. including purchase tax.

FOR women who shampoo and set their hair at home I found a quick-drying non-sticky "Wave Set." You can use this after you have shampooed your hair or when you wish for a set between shampoos. The "Wave Set" is made in two kinds, green for ordinary hair and spiritous for fine, easy-to-manage hair. This has the advantage of drying very quickly. The same firm sell brilliantine in various tones to match the colour of your hair.

By Alice Kemp

Pin-Money Puppies

WHETHER it is possible to make a few odd pounds on a litter of puppies is a question that many owners of pedigree pet bitches are to-day asking themselves. The answer is "yes," if you are prepared to do the thing for the fun of it and not to count the profits in terms of woman-hours of work. There is a hectic month just after the puppies are weaned when they must have continual attention. If you are willing and able to give it, there is no reason why any pet bitch should not earn her own keep and make a little pin money for her owner, besides.

A bitch should be first mated at her second season, usually at about eighteen months. Thereafter she can be mated two seasons out of three for the next four years with a complete year's rest after two litters, and thrive on it. The size of the litter will of course vary greatly from one case to another, but even allowing an average of five, that makes thirty puppies to be placed to the credit of the bitch and your bank balance.

If you have bought your pet from a breeder he will advise on the choice of sire and perhaps help with the sale of the puppies later.

Buy the best bitch you can afford, for puppies with a good pedigree command higher money and show a better profit for your trouble. Prices vary according to the age and the strain. A good Cocker spaniel puppy costs from 10 to 15 guineas, an eighteen-month-old brood bitch 20 to 30 guineas. Poodles are more expensive, 15 to 25 guineas for a puppy and 30 to 35 guineas for an eighteen-month-old bitch. If, however, you buy from a breeder you can sometimes get your pet rather more cheaply on breeding terms. That means there is reduction in the price in return for a guarantee of a puppy from the first litter.

Apart from the initial cost of the pet, the main expenditure will be the mating fee which will vary from 5 to 15 guineas. Other incidental expenditure involved in extra nourishing diet for the bitch, the puppies' food, etc., should be taken into consideration when you decide what to ask for your own puppies. Resist the temptation to make presents of puppies to your friends or you will find yourself with a loss instead of a profit at the end. An advertisement inserted in a local paper for one or two weeks is a good medium for the sale of the puppies.

The amateur may find the responsibilities of the situation weighing heavily on her shoulders but (*Continued on page* 64)

How To Deal With

Spring Fevers

IN the spring of the year there comes a change in the metabolism of the body. Chemical changes take place, the blood looses some of its thickness, and the rhythm of Life adjusts itself to the changing season.

This is as it should be, but while Nature's adjustments are in process we are prone to develop certain minor ailments such as a feeling of fatigue, spots and rashes, head colds and a general feeling of malaise which call for relief.

COOLING mixtures such as fruit salines are sometimes helpful. A course of iron tonic is even better if you are feeling really out of sorts. More likely than not, one of these treatments will clear the skin of spots and rashes without the need of external treatment, but if this should be necessary, a little calamine lotion on the affected part is soothing and acts as a camouflage.

In any case, be watchful of your diet at this time of the year. Avoid too many starchy foods such as pastry, pies and heavy puddings. Cut down on bread a little and take dry toast or Ryvita. Increase your intake of fresh fruit and lightly-cooked green vegetables. Remember that the old-fashioned remedy of six glasses of water a day has its special merits just now.

IF sluggishness of the liver shows itself in the form of headache, sleepiness and a pasty complexion, take a mild vegetable laxative occasionally. Better still, go and have a colonic irrigation. This very simple operation can be carried out by a qualified expert without discomfort and has the most salutary results in disposing of accumulated wastes. You will emerge with a clearer skin, a brighter eye and a truly remarkable feeling of well-being.

When children develop spots and rashes give them magnesia. It can be applied externally to rashes with satisfactory results.

IF your household is afflicted with spring head colds and catarrh, serve plenty of fresh vegetables and raw fruit. Give them light vegetable soups, raw tomatoes in plenty and fewer stodgy puddings. A cereal rich in vitamin B, such as Bemax, and Marmite (which is also rich in the same vitamin) will help the fight against infection.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY by CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope

Hair

HAIR responds readily to the right treatment. Give it proper care and attention and you keep it in good condition. Ignore the rules and the hair is likely to suffer.

The most important job of all is careful and regular washing. A well-known trichologist considers that hair should be treated in the same way as the body: washed every day. This is too much for most of us, but a weekly washing is advisable to keep the hair in health and good looks.

Give your hairbrush meticulous care. Clean and sterilize brushes—have two if possible—three or four times a week. First comb out stray hairs; dip the bristles up and down quickly in hot water to which a little ammonia has been added. Rinse thoroughly and shake the brush face downwards, wipe on a clean towel and dry in a warm temperature. A bristle brush with plenty of resilience is the best kind.

Brushing *is* important—but I say this with reservations. Grandmamma's hundred strokes are all very well if there is no malady of the scalp. Again, brushing must be done in the right manner. Strokes should be long and deliberate, not jerky or tearing.

If there is any malady of the scalp, put away your brush, otherwise you will infect other areas. Consult a doctor or trichologist. Symptoms are easily detected; most common are excessive scaling, soreness, irritation or redness.

Because the modern diet is deficient in animal fats, we find that the hair and scalp are suffering from excessive dryness. Do not apply oil in the attempt to relieve this condition because oil provides the best media for propagating bacteria. Use, instead, a recognized hair food preparation; there is one which closely resembles the natural substance secreted by the sebaceous glands of the normal healthy scalp

Colour rinses may safely be used at home but leave colouring or decoloration to an expert. If the hair is badly bleached, allow it to grow out before considering a new perm; or have it treated by an expert.

Home perms are very much in the news. Their success depends upon the quality and condition of the hair as well as in the minutest attention to the instructions given by the makers. Carelessness or hurry simply will not produce a good home perm. Take time, and follow the rules to the last letter. Wash the hair with a soapless shampoo and be certain that it is quite clean and free from grease or dirt before making a start.

A well-known cosmetician has introduced to the British market a complete home treatment for the hair, comparable to a beauty treatment for the skin. The pack which is sold complete, contains an enriched Creme Shampoo; a Creme Rinse which supplies the action of natural oils and provides a fine lubricating film nourishing in its effect; Dandruff Treatment, a germicidal preparation to counteract scurf and dry scalp and Creme Hair Dressing to promote highlights and lustre. All five preparations are in a complete pack. Write to me if you would like further information about its price and uses.

For Home Use

THE benefits of massage are well known to every woman especially in connection with slimming and beauty treatments and toning as an antidote to wrinkles. On the whole, few women have sufficient time and money to enjoy professional massage, either in beauty salons or elsewhere, however much they would like to do so.

A new electrical device which can be easily operated at home has just been introduced which claims to reproduce all the beneficial effects of manual massage. The apparatus is easily manipulated and corresponds in size to an electric hair dryer. It can be applied to all parts of the body and its vibratory action can be used in many cases where massage is indicated. It costs £3 14s. 5d.

The massager is fitted with four interchangeable applicators, each one specially designed for its own particular function. A sponge rubber applicator is recommended for gentle massage, for the face and for other parts of the body a hard applicator for massage of the muscles, and a spiked applicator for scalp massage. (Trichologists commend massage which loosens the scalp and permits a free flow of circulation to nourish the roots of the hair.) This electrical device reduces the fatigue of manual scalp massage and makes it possible to carry out daily treatments without effort.

Care

RAYMOND created the hairstyle above which he has named "choirboy," for the young head and a short cut. The hair is curved in a forward movement to frame the face and the short front hair is curled into a "feather fringe."

Left: If you wash your hair at home where there are limited facilities for rinsing, use a branded soapless shampoo, and follow up with a conditioning rinse. There is a new shampoo which combines a dandruff treatment which will be helpful to home treatments.

Spiced Fish Boats

A Little Bit

LAST month we considered suitable dishes for the family during the meat shortage. This time the recipes are for the more sophisticated palate of the adult. It is wonderful what a variety of flavouring can be introduced with the use of spices and curries. These need not necessitate a really hotly flavoured dish which many people dislike. Spices and flavours can be introduced with as much subtlety as you like, according to taste. I have known people who, vowing they could not bear spices and such things, to eat a dish with relish where a soupçon of different flavours had been added which enhanced the taste but were not recognisable for what they were.

If we carefully cultivate the art of cooking spiced food we can transform a few cubes of meat or left-over scraps into appetizing fare. First, here are two spicy tit-bits which, when made in miniature are good for hot hors d'œuvres or can be served in larger quantities as supper dishes.

SPICED FISH BOATS

Line little boat-shaped tins with short pastry. Fill with dried peas or crusts to keep shape and bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 400 deg. F. Also cook a few short pieces of pastry the width of boats

Meal In A Moment

WHEN one is called upon to produce a meal in the shortest possible time there are two alternatives; there is a cold meal left ready, or a meal left slowly cooking, which is ideal if you can time your absence to two or three hours but no help if you are out for the day. Slow-cooking meals are extravagant on fuel if done regularly when you are out for some hours and have to produce a meal on your return. This is my own predicament, so that the recipes given here have been well tried for speed. My maximum time to cook a lunch is usually ½ an hour.

Here are some hot meals of a substantial kind :

CORNED BEEF FRITTERS

Ingredients: About 4 oz. corned beef; ½ meat cube dissolved in a teacupful of hot water or a tablespoonful tomato soup and a tablespoonful water; ½ pint frying batter, made with 6 oz. flour; ½ pint water, pinch of salt.

Cream corned beef with gravy or soup in a pan. Put tablespoonfuls of batter in smoking hot fat and as it begins to set put a dessertspoonful of meat on top; fold batter round with knife and fry till golden brown. Serve with tinned peas and left-over potato warmed in oven.

HOT SUMMER PUDDING

Ingredients: Any stewed or bottled fruit with juice strained away; stale sponge or Madeira cake; ½ pint custard; sugar.

Well grease pie dish. Line bottom and sides with thin slices of cake. Fill dish with alternate layers of fruit and slices of cake, finishing with a layer of cake. Pour custard over. Stand in a baking tin half-filled with hot water and let pudding set gently in a low oven, Regulo 3 or 350° F. about 20 minutes. Warm juice with a little sugar and serve with pudding.

MINCE WITH SAVOURY DUMPLINGS

Put any left-over meat through mincer. Heat gently in saucepan in a good gravy or meat soup with water added. Serve with dumplings, mashed potato and green vegetables.

SAVOURY DUMPLINGS

Ingredients: 4 oz. flour; 1 oz. suet or lard; teaspoonful chopped parsley; a few chopped chives; ½ teaspoonful baking powder; seasoning; pinch mixed herbs; pinch of salt.

Season flour, add baking powder and salt, rub in fat or mix suet, add flavourings; form into soft dough with cold water. Make into small balls. Throw into boiling stock and simmer about 10 minutes.

CHOCOLATE BLANCMANGE WITH CRUMBLETOP

Ingredients: 1 packet chocolate blancmange; 1¼ pints milk and water mixed; 1 oz. lard; 1 tablespoonful sugar, 4 tablespoonfuls browned breadcrumbs; 4 tablespoonfuls porridge oats.

Grease large pie dish. Cream sugar with lard. Mix in crumbs and oats. Put mixture in pie dish, cook in a good oven, Regulo 6 or 400° F. about 15 minutes. Meanwhile mix blancmange in usual way with a little cold milk. Boil remaining milk and water, sweeten to taste. Stir into the paste. Return to pan and simmer 5 minutes. When ready to serve, pour into individual dishes, scatter crumbletop in a thick layer on top.

Chocolate Blancmange with Crumbletop

SAUSAGE SLICES

Ingredients: 8 oz. flour; 2 oz. fat; pinch salt; water to mix; ½ lb. sausage meat; tablespoonful chopped parsley; spoonful of thick gravy or soup to moisten.

Make pastry with flour, salt, and fat. Roll out into an oblong. Work parsley into sausage, and mix gravy. Spread over pastry. Roll up. Cut into rounds about ½ an inch thick. Lay on greased baking sheet. Bake in good oven, Regulo 7 or 450° F. 20 to 30 minutes. Serve with baked tomatoes and potato crisps.

BAKED APPLES WITH JAM SYRUP

Core and wash apples. Place in pie dish half full of water. Add a heaped tablespoonful sugar. When cooked make syrup by :

Of Spice

to form seats. Prepare filling as follows:

Ingredients: ½ lb. cooked white fish; 3 cloves; 3 peppercorns; 1 teaspoonful allspice; saltspoonful salt; ¼ pint vinegar.

Take skin and bone from fish; lay it in a pie dish. Boil vinegar and spices together for 5 minutes. When cool pour over fish and leave it to stand several hours, basting fish three or four times to help it absorb the spices. Drain fish and beat up with enough tomato sauce to make creamy filling. Heat gently in a saucepan. Fill boats, lay two pastry strips across each boat like seats.

SAVOURY FISH BALLS

Ingredients: About 1 lb. white fish cooked; a few chives; 2 eggs; small piece bruised ginger; teaspoonful Worcester type sauce; juice ½ lemon; 1 oz. flour; seasoning; milk and crumbs for coating.

Remove skin and bone from fish. Flake small and season. Chop ginger and chives very finely indeed, add to fish. Mix in flour and eggs; beat very well. Add lemon juice and sauce. A little thick white sauce can be used to bind mixture instead of eggs and flour. Shape into balls, coat with milk and crumbs, fry till golden brown all over, serve with curry sauce and border of mixed vegetables. (*Continued on page* 64)

Savoury Fish Balls

Warming 2 tablespoonfuls of strawberry or plum jam with 4 tablespoonfuls of syrup from apples; serve with fruit.

STUFFED BAKED FISH

Ingredients: 1 fresh haddock, whiting or codling; 1½ oz. fat; browned breadcrumbs. To save time I often use forcemeat from a packet, adding to the flavour by addition of parsley and a squeeze of lemon.

Wash and clean fish and fill cleaned space with forcemeat, fasten with skewers. Melt fat in fireproof dish, lay fish in it and baste with fat. Sprinkle with brown breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 375° F. about 20 minutes, basting once or twice.

Serve with spinach.

Do's And Don'ts Of Frying

A FRY is the quickest and on the face of it, the simplest form of cooking but a good fry demands considerable skill. Do everything to avoid greasiness; this entails hot fat, draining on absorbent paper for fish, chips, cutlets, etc., well heated dishes and serving quickly.

Do not hurry—cooking over a high flame results in hard dry food, specially in the case of liver, kidney, bacon, mushroom, etc.

Fat should be free from moisture, which makes it splutter. If it bubbles when melted you will know there is moisture. When bubbles go and faint blue smoke appears it is ready but if it exceeds this temperature it will burn and spoil fat.

Vegetable oil, dripping or lard are all suitable frying mediums and margarine for omelettes. Use a *heavy* frying pan. Fat should cover the bottom of the pan; when possible reach halfway up the food. Wait for blue smoke before putting in food; after browning both sides lower flame. Fat should not be too hot when frying eggs; cook slowly over low flame and baste with fat.

Deep fat frying when possible is best for croquettes, doughnuts, fritters, fish, chips, etc. Use a thick saucepan and only half fill with fat. Fat is ready when faintly smoking and if cube of bread cooks in a minute in it—a frying basket helps for lowering food into fat. Never leave fry standing in pan when cooked.

Sausage Slices

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Bottled Up

MOST women to-day have had some experience of bottling fruit, but here are some guiding hints for those whose efforts have not, in some way or other, been as successful as they would have wished.

Mould on top of the fruit

Mould will appear on the fruit, only if the bottle is not completely sealed and airtight. During the warm weather, the jars do not completely cool in twenty-four hours, so testing should be done two or three days after bottling when, if the test is successful, they can be safely stored away.

Fruit does not remain whole

Overripe fruit tends to pulp and lose its shape during the preserving process. Fruit that is ripe but firm is ideal for preserving. Do not force the fruit into the jars, but pack in light with a minimum of wasted space. Always choose the most suitable shaped container for the fruit to be preserved. There is now available a variety of shaped and sized preserving jars, each specially designed for a different preserve. There are tall, wide-necked jars for preserving whole, cored apples and the larger varieties of plums; dumpy wide-necked bottles for tomatoes; besides the one, three and four-pound narrow-necked jars for the smaller berry fruits and fruit purées. There is also a Preserving Skin, which can be cut to any size or shape desired and will form an airtight cover to jars of any shape and dimension.

Loss of flavour

Some fruit tends to lose its flavour when preserved in hot water. Plums and apples, particularly, retain their full fruit flavour if preserved in syrup instead of plain water. A light preserving syrup can be made by dissolving one cup of sugar to three cups of water. For a heavy syrup, the proportions should be one of water to one of sugar. The syrup should always be used boiling hot.

Damage to bottles

With a sterilizing outfit, the chances of bottles becoming damaged is reduced to a minimum. When using a large saucepan or other makeshift sterilizer, however, place a wooden grid or several folds of corrugated paper beneath the bottles. This prevents a vacuum forming under the base of the bottles. The bottles should be free standing in the pan, so that there is a free circulation of water all round.

Preserving by the deep pan method. The jars should be immersed in cold water and the water brought slowly to simmering point, taking not less than 1½ hours

(*Right*) Preserving by the oven method. The jars should be placed on a wooden board so that they do not touch the oven shelf

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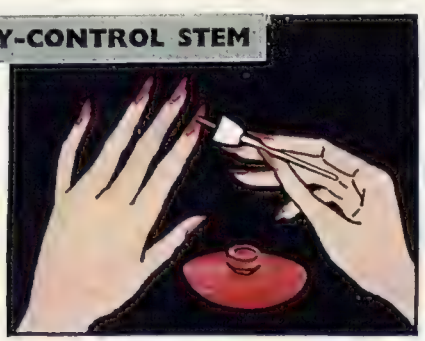

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Short Good-Bye To Football

(*Continued from page* 16)

the Football Association. After that the handling and kicking game went their different ways. There was rugger and there was soccer.

Producing their "Rules of the London Football Association," the new body brought order and uniformity to a game that had become chaotic through lack of central direction. But soccer did not immediately flourish, and five years later there were only twenty-eight clubs in the Association. Something more was needed to awaken public interest.

The imaginative touch came when it was decided to offer a cup for open competition. At a meeting in 1871 the Association's secretary proposed: "That it is desirable that a Challenge Cup should be established in connection with the Association, for which all Clubs belonging to the Association should be invited to compete."

Fifteen teams entered to contend for the first Cup, a small silver trophy worth £20. And so it was that on March 16, 1872, at Kennington Oval, the Wanderers met and beat the Royal Engineers, one goal to nothing, in the first Cup Final. Watching them was a crowd of 2,000 people, who had paid one shilling to see the game. It was a small beginning but it launched soccer as the people's game.

In the twenty-one years in which the Cup Finals were played at the Oval, football grew steadily more popular. In 1892, when West Bromwich beat Aston Villa, there were 163 entries; and 20,000 spectators watched the contest. These were the years in which the hitherto triumphant amateurs were swamped in the rising tide of professionalism. New clubs were coming into being whose members found that it paid, however modestly, to play football—clubs like Aston Villa, Bolton Wanderers, Everton, Birmingham and many more of the big sides of the modern game. At the start the financial takings were indeed negligible. The Villa's first "gate," for example, brought them 5s. 3d.

IN 1888, to regulate the increasingly professional aspect of the game and to put the shaky and sometimes abused transfer system on a proper footing, the Football League was founded. Such a body was needed because the F.A. was concerned mainly with amateur football. From that modest group of twelve clubs that William McGregor of Aston Villa then banded together grew the huge and powerful organization that now includes, in its various divisions, eighty-eight clubs, whose weekly matches are now the backbone of British football.

With its League, its Association and its Cup the game was by the '90s ready for the great days ahead. But the Cup that early twentieth-century finalists fought for was not that small silver trophy of 1872. That vanished in 1895 and was never seen again. Held by Aston Villa at the time and displayed in a Birmingham shop window, it was stolen one September night and never recovered. Its disappearance recalled the prophecy of a Blackburn player when it first went to the Lancashire town that it would never come back to London. The missing Cup was replaced by a replica.

Football since then has become, by a steady progress only slightly slowed down by the two wars, the game of the six-figure crowds and the five-figure transfer fees. But just to show those with short memories that the big-business era of the game is not all concentrated within the last twenty years, one can cite the attendance of 110,000 at the Spurs–Sheffield United Cup Final at the Crystal Palace in 1901; and the £1,000 paid by Middlesbrough to Sunderland for a player in 1904.

Faded photographs of whiskered and long-trousered Victorian players remind us of the changes seventy or eighty years have brought to football. But it is to those enthusiasts that we owe the great institutions of the League and the Cup. For the moment the game they brought to popularity is out of the news and Kipling's "flannelled fools" hold the field. But football's holiday is short. And it is clear that for hundreds of thousands of the British public it cannot be too short.

END

The Safety Catch

(*Continued from page* 12)

THAT July, in London, was the hottest I ever remember. The air was lifeless and oppressive and the pavements tortured your feet. It happened, too, that I was exceptionally busy. It was a luxury, at the end of a hard day, to lie for awhile in a cold bath before dinner and spend the rest of the evening in an arm chair with a book.

One night, it was a Monday I remember, I was just thinking of going to bed when suddenly and simultaneously, without the slightest warning, there was a blinding flash of lightning and a tremendous crash of thunder immediately overhead. I thought for a moment that the house had been struck. Then rain began to pour down in a deluge. The grandeur of the storm was magnificent; the lightning was almost continuous and the thunder rolled, peal after peal, as though the whole world were tumbling into chaos. I was standing at my open window enjoying the spectacle and the welcome coolness, when my telephone rang.

I lifted the receiver with a sinking heart. At first, what with the roar of the storm outside and the crackling of the instrument, I could hear nothing but the confused babble of a woman's voice at the other end of the wire.

"Who are you?" I called. "I can't hear you."

At last, in a momentary lull, I caught the words: "I'm afraid he's dead." And I recognized the speaker. It was Mrs. Kenyon.

I waited for no more.

"I'll come round at once!" I shouted.

My car was garaged in Shepherd Market, just behind my house. It could not have been more than ten minutes later when I rose from examining the body of young Bradford which lay, with a double-barrelled shot gun beside it, on the floor of a tiny sitting room in a mews off Chesham Place. There was nothing to be done. The front wall of his chest was practically blown away.

Mrs. Kenyon was standing at my elbow. She was very pale but composed.

"Is he dead?"

I nodded. "How did it happen?"

"I hope I'm not going to faint," she said quietly.

I put her into a chair. There was a whisky bottle on the table and two glasses, one of which was broken. I poured her out a good dose. She was already speaking when she held out her hand for it.

"He came in about half an hour before the storm began," she said. "He'd been away for the week-end, shooting, and he brought that gun in with him and put it down on the table. He wasn't drunk, but he'd evidently been drinking. He wanted to see Marjorie, but she's away in Manchester and I told him so.

"'That's a lie' he said. 'She's hiding from me.' He looked everywhere for her, banging the doors and shouting, and when he came back he picked up the gun, loaded it with some cartridges he took out of his pocket, and put it down on the table again.

"'I'm going to wait here till she comes in,' he said. 'If she's playing around with some other man I'll have something to say to her.'

"He got that whisky and a glass from the sideboard then and sat on the table, scowling at me and drinking and going on and on about his troubles and how I'd always hated him and done all I could to set Marjorie against him. I

(*Continued on page* 52)

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didn't say much; I'd never seen him as wild as he was then and I didn't want to make him angry if I could help it. At last, reaching for his glass, he'd been drinking all the time, he knocked it over and it broke. He went to the sideboard to get another but he couldn't find one.

"'Where d'you keep your glasses?' he shouted. 'In the pantry' I told him.

"He staggered out, he could scarcely walk, he was so drunk by then, and it suddenly occurred to me to try and unload the gun before he came back. I knew that, in the state he was in, he might easily have an accident with it, and I felt I ought to prevent that if I could. I ran to the table and I got hold of the gun, but I didn't know how to open it. Then I saw a little catch on the top of the handle, or whatever you call it, with the word 'safe' printed just above it, so I pushed the catch towards it as far as it would go. That was right, wasn't it?"

"You couldn't possibly have done better," I said.

Mrs. Kenyon drew a deep breath. There was still some whisky in the glass I had given her and she took a sip from it. I watched her with something like a sense of awe. There was a sort of fatality in what she had just told me.

For the safety catch on a shotgun is brought into use by being drawn *back* from the word "safe," not pushed towards it; and young Bradford, drunk though he was, had obviously been careful to move it into that position after loading the gun. Mrs. Kenyon, with the best intentions, had reversed that procedure, and so done just what was needed to make an accident possible. When she began again to speak I felt I knew what she would say.

"Well," she continued, "when he came back from the pantry he filled the glass almost half full of whisky, gulped it down, and then just leaned against the table and stared at me. He looked really dreadful, shaking all over and muttering to himself; I began to feel I couldn't stand much more.

"'Why don't you go to bed, Austin?' I said.

"He shook his finger at me in a silly drunken way.

"'Oh no,' he said. 'Not till Marjorie comes back. I want to meet her friend.' He picked

up the gun and, holding it in front of him with both hands against his chest, grinned at me over the top of it. 'Be a nice surprise for them both, won't it?' he said.

"Then it happened. That dreadful thunderbolt or whatever it was. I never heard the gun go off and I must have shut my eyes, for the next thing I knew he was lying there like that."

SHE told this same story to the police and later to the coroner, and Mr. Lewin and I gave evidence also. The inquiry was soon over. The coroner rightly said that everything pointed to the fact that the deceased, startled by that phenomenon, not inaptly described by Mrs. Kenyon as a thunderbolt, which the jury would doubtless remember had ushered in the storm on the night in question, had let the gun slip through his hands, and the butt had struck the floor with sufficient violence to discharge the weapon with fatal results. It was true that Mrs. Kenyon, to use her own expression, had previously "made the gun safe." But the jury would remember that the deceased was drunk at the time of the occurrence. Was it not reasonable to suppose that, when picking up the gun for the last time, he had released the catch with his own clumsy fingers?

The jury clearly felt that it was. Their verdict was one of accidental death, and they expressed a wish to commend Mrs. Kenyon for the brave and sensible way in which she had behaved in such terrible circumstances.

And of course Mrs. Kenyon deserved their commendation. But I could not help thinking as I left the court how strangely what had happened was in line with that belief with which, as she had told me, she was accustomed to encourage herself to face all her troubles. In the matter of that safety catch, for example, as in everything throughout this whole affair, she had done what seemed to her to be right at the moment, and in due course Mr. Bradford had been eliminated.

Things could hardly have worked out better than that.

END

A Cure For Gambling?

(*Continued from page* 13)

Are you capable of enjoying, say, racing as spectacle, or does it induce a nervous mixture of pleasure and pain, leaving you with eyes only for the tote?

Are you in the habit of getting advances of salary in order to meet your gambling debts?

Is your work suffering from your interest in gambling?

Are you doing any of these things "all for the love of 12X"?

To be in danger, you need not by any means have reached the stage described in a case before Leeds Divorce Court: "To get money for gambling, the husband put on an act, jumped up and down on the bed, flung the clothes off, got out of bed and lay on the floor, threatened his wife and sometimes struck her." The case was widely reported because the judge did not think gambling amounted to cruelty even when the furniture gets sold up to meet tote debts. Its main interest here, however, is that it depicts the borderline prior to a neurosis.

That putting on an act showed a method and cunning not customarily found in the individual classed as a neurotic case.

The man in question declared in court that he had learnt his lesson, and hadn't had a bet for months—"not even on the pools." Here again he was interesting because of the nature of the second half of a cure. Did he submit himself to it, one wonders, or is he one of the lucky ones who doesn't need to?

This second half may be called "Temptation Corner."

Psychiatrists hold that gamblers who aren't sure of themselves must consider themselves in like case to heavy drinkers trying to wean themselves from the bottle by facing up to it *diminuendo*. They say that gamblers should deem themselves fortunate in that their vice or obsession betrays far less branding signs, physically, than does alcohol. In fact, gamblers may test themselves without being objects of attention.

"Temptation Corner" reposes on a resumption of contact with one's pet gambling form after the lapse of a specified period of no contact at all—not even reading about it. So if you see somebody biting his lips like mad during a race, he may not have anything "on" at all, which will be the reason he is biting his lips. Seriously, though, this sort of thing is stated to be yielding promising results in America, that land of the extravagant, and of the experiment.

The culminating stage, tempting Providence indeed, is when a convalescent is risked in a place of chance with a certain amount of money, and told to gamble only with a specific portion of it. He or she must keep an exact table of all staking in order to allow of subsequent checking. Yet I can't help thinking that even more fantastic is the project of forming associations of reformed gamblers with the object of meeting the same ends as the ex-alcoholics' reunions.

The latter are composed of people who used to be enslaved drinkers. They get together, talk over their cures, sip orange-juice or coffee, and fill up time among themselves which formerly went on carousing. I leave to you the lugubrious scene presented by a bunch of reformed gamblers sitting around, recalling Jaggers of Monte Carlo, what used to be won on Steve, and terrific afternoons at "the dogs."

To the round question: "Is there a cure for gambling?" the answer is a qualified "Yes." (Naturally, one refers only to exaggerated cases; the rest hardly matter.) It depends on the kind of neurosis pushing the patient. Gambling viewed as a mental disorder takes two (*Continued on page* 54)

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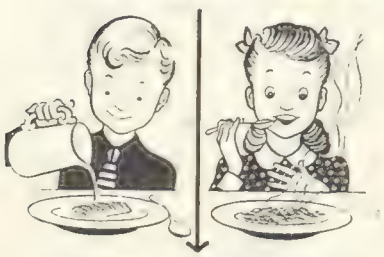

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main patterns. The first has been duly explored—the person who gets sucked in because he refuses to heed the redlight. The second state, a pathological one, is much more difficult to cure.

The neurosis-ridden gambler who knows no check has been traced back to childhood rebellion's producing a twist. The neurotic gambler of this kind did not surrender to adult control as a child, and is still fighting control when he gambles in the face of all objections and logical arguments. For him, it is not chance, but his fate. He feels he has a contract with fate, and this is the playing of it.

The neurotic gambler who is a pathological case seldom gets carried away by greed alone. He is out for something more thrilling, more intoxicating. He craves a feeling of omnipotence.

Conversely, he feels quite capable of losing; indeed, sometimes he gets bored with winning too easily and actually wants to lose. And when this happens, he'll say it doesn't matter, that he can afford it. Even though he is staking his last pound, he believes it.

The extreme example in this line is the racketeer who makes pathological assaults on

A Cure For Gambling?

apparatus in rival concerns, well knowing it to be rigged.

The neurotic gambler of this kind is not in his right senses. One has only to watch him having a big throw, getting a big thrill of pain and pleasure mixed. Those two words—pain and pleasure—weave through his contorted story. There he is, while the issue is being decided: a picture of profuse perspiration, of muscle tremors and twitching responses as the crisis reaches its height.

The new methods, in which psychiatrists join with magistrates, welfare officers, and members of the public, do not hold out much hope of rescuing the pathological gambler. It is the other kind who now stands a better chance: the gambler who has hitherto said: "I can't stop it," but who really can, all the time, if he is shown himself "going by."

Let him see when, how and where he is slipping, says psychiatry. Show him in progression the signals and the lights. Then, if he responds favourably, trust him again with money to gamble with at some future date.

END

Unlocking The Southern Ice Chest

(*Continued from page* 15)

Other factors govern the many-Powered probe of the south Polar preserves. One is a nervous reaction to the veiled future; no one can predict what new needs, discoveries or inventions, prompted by considerations of war and peace alike, may thrust the Antarctic to sudden importance almost overnight. It was clearly a wish to advance a stage further their preparedness for such a possibility, that influenced the American naval expedition in 1947. For this excursion Admiral Byrd assembled the largest and most completely equipped company ever to visit the Antarctic; 4,000 strong, it included a scientific staff of 300, a submarine, ice breaker, bulldozers, helicopter and planes. The last were based on an aircraft-carrier which penetrated farther into extreme latitudes than ever before. Its twin-motor transport planes were used to survey and map some 6,000,000 square miles of territory—one of the primary aims of the expedition. Another aim was to test the behaviour of naval and flying equipment under severe Antarctic conditions of weather and temperature. The rôle of the bulldozers lay in achieving the third object: to chip out landing-strips on the ice shelf around "Little America," enabling the carrier-planes to make ship to shore flights during any sort of sub-zero weather which Antarctica chose to deal them.

South Polar weather, in fact, forms a subject for study hardly less important than its minerals. And small wonder, for this region is rated the earth's greatest storm centre, influencing weather over the whole southern hemisphere. Sir Douglas Mawson recorded that Commonwealth Bay was the windiest spot on earth; 100-mile hurricanes howled constantly. Sometimes wind speed reached a velocity that made records impossible; the instruments were simply blown away.

Close study of these winds, along with ocean currents, is disclosing a much clearer picture of how weather is made in the world's southern half. So much so that several nations now have established Antarctic and near-Antarctic weather stations. Recently South African groups manned the lonely, storm-swept islands of Prince Edward and Marion, and an Australian party hoisted its flag on Heard Island, all of which, with Tristan da Cunha, are some of the bleakest spots on earth, an unpleasant attribute which, however, puts them in the front line as meteorological stations. They also form important stepping stones from which to reach out and conquer a share of the unknown continent.

For, from the standpoint of actual land holdings, Antarctica is still virtually a No Man's Land. Great Britain holds the record for sustained exploration and observation. Most is carried on from the Falkland Islands Dependencies. These are Signy Island (S. Orkneys), Admiralty Bay and Deception Island (S. Shetlands), Hope Bay (N. Graham Land), Port Lockroy (Palmer Archipelago), Argentine Islands (north-east of Graham Land), and Stonington Island (Marguerite Bay). More often than is pleasant, stormy weather and pack ice hold up indefinitely the release of the hardy geologists, biologists, meteorologists, radio operators, doctors, assistants and handymen who form the sole populations of these seven research bases. Up to the time of writing, the relief ship *John Biscoe*, whose reinforced hull and deep propeller are special equipment for Antarctic operations, has made six separate attempts to reach the little party waiting at Hope Bay. Though it can be small solace to the exiles at such times, the daily weather radio reports from the men of the seven bases are piling up valuable statistics about the route taken by the great Antarctic depressions, and have already revolutionized weather forecasting in the S. Atlantic, S. Africa and the Indian Ocean.

Norway, France, Australia, New Zealand, Chile and Argentina also lay claim to extensive south Polar regions. And lately Russia has added *her* "historic right" to three islands explored as far back as 1819-21, though two of these are in the British Falkland Islands Dependencies, and it has never until now occurred to the Soviet Union to demand them.

It was an American, Charles Wilkes, who first revealed (1840) that Antarctica is a continent. In 1929 Admiral Byrd named his base Little America, and flew over the Pole, dropping the Stars and Stripes there. A little later Lincoln Ellsworth flew over a large area of Antarctic territory which he christened American Highland. But it is questionable whether merely to fly a territory gives a country any title to it. In any case, the U.S. Government have made no official claims on Antarctic territory. Instead it is promoting friendly discussion and joint endeavour by the nations which are struggling for a share in the future development of the mysterious southern ice chest. And a start in this spirit is to be made during the Antarctic summer this year, when the sun shines at night as the thermometer drops towards zero, by an expedition jointly manned by Norwegians, Swedes and Britons.

What at first sight appears to be an amazing phenomenon is likely to be top-line agenda of this and other forthcoming excursions into Antarctica. For the first time air photographs taken a few years ago disclosed in a land (*Continued on page* 56)

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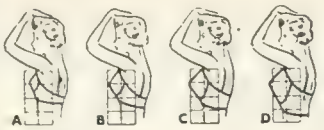

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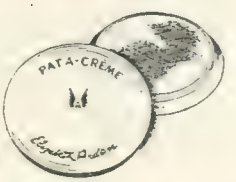

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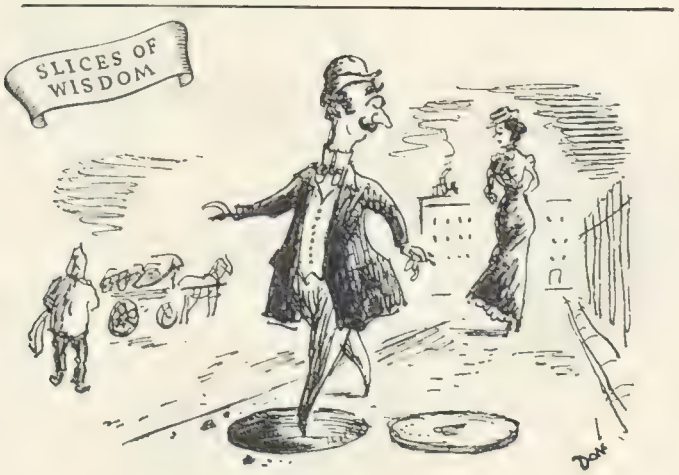

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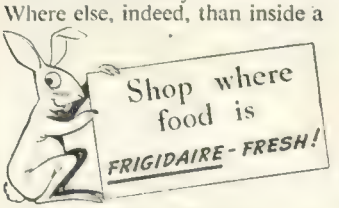

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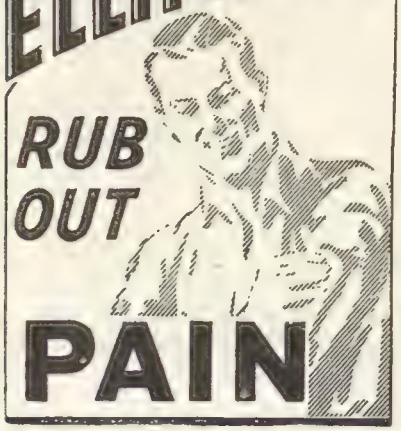

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thought to be perpetually covered with snow and ice, areas of naked earth far inland. Some British foot-explorers, operating from North Graham Land, have now confirmed the existence in South Graham Land of bare earth and unfrozen lakes and rivers. It is their conviction that there may indeed be large areas of Antarctica which, for some cause or causes so far unexplained, are warmer than land nearer the coast. If this proves to be so, then the field of mineral exploration will certainly be switched from territory near the ice shelf to these newly discovered more temperate zones. This, and the fact that supplies and equipment could be brought there only by air, would probably necessitate a complete re-adjustment of present plans to unmask the Antarctica treasure-house.

END

Unlocking The Southern Ice-Chest

Purge (*Continued from page* 19)

He began to sob hysterically. He jerked like a galvanized frog's leg.

Burke laid the blanket, sticky with dampness, over him and sat down again on the edge of the bed. He sat staring at the grey-black pitched wall as Semper's sobbing gradually lessened. Some former prisoner had made a calendar on the wall by scratching a series of short perpendicular lines on the wall and crossing one of them out with a diagonal line each day. Six of the perpendicular lines had never been crossed out. He began to try to build up a detailed and elaborate picture of the man, how he had spent his time in the cell—and how and why he had left it. At what he reckoned to be half-hour intervals he heard the warder walk the corridor, stopping in all three times. Burke concluded there must be three cells, including his own, occupied. He never saw the face of the warder as he peered through the grill.

Then the half-hour period was broken. This time there were at least five men coming down the corridor. He heard them unlock the door of a cell further up. There was a short silence and then a brief scuffle. Suddenly a high-pitched voice, almost a scream filled the corridor. He felt Semper start behind him. "Good-bye, friends of liberty. Others are fighting still. Never despair. Listen, I laugh as I go." Followed a peal of sobbing, exalted laughter. Burke felt his stomach turn over. Then another voice, that of the other prisoner in the corridor, replied hoarsely. "God go with you, friend. God go with you."

Then Semper began to scream and fight like a drowning man gasping for breath. Burke caught and held him but the crisis of nerves went on for a very long time. Perhaps three-quarters of an hour. Then, quite suddenly, he collapsed and lay still, barely breathing. Burke put the blanket over him again. He himself was sweating badly; he wiped his face with his coat sleeve. He went into the corner and picked up the tin bowl and pressing it against his chest twisted it into shapelessness. He put it down again quietly and began to pace the cell. He thought about the prisoner they had taken away. Had they shot him or were they torturing him? He had heard nothing—but Semper had been making such a row. And anyway the walls were thick, very thick. There had been something of ecstasy as well as despair in the man's farewell cries. They had touched something in Burke, awakened a response. He found himself longing for them to come and fetch him, longing for them to start it. He had heard that they spreadeagled you on a framework face down for a start. Two men, one at each side, working like navvies knocking a spike into the road, lashed you with leather thongs from your heels to the back of your neck. They then turned you over and did the same on the other side. And all the time a man stood at your head talking, threatening, arguing, cajoling. You were a fool not to talk, hadn't your so-called friends betrayed you? Just a dozen words and you were a free man to go where you liked, do as you liked. Perhaps you would like a few minutes rest to think and smoke a cigarette? Or a drink, perhaps you would like a drink? This whipping was the merest elementary persuasive measure; they had others, ways you had never thought of, that were infallible but they knew you were going to be sensible. You weren't to imagine that if you died there would be any trouble; your body would be found in an alley; you would be the victim of a brawl. It was ridiculous to be loyal to men who betrayed you, cynical men who were being paid by foreign powers to cause trouble, and who owed loyalty to no-one . . . Burke longed for them to come and fetch him. He would spit in the man's face, insult him, laugh at him—even if he died for it. Moral responsibility, absolute values, truth and all the rest of it might be out of date but, by God, you could still be loyal to your friends. But what about Semper? Semper, a man who had to pull himself together before he could force himself to go into a shop to buy a packet of cigarettes? But how did he get into this affair if not through guts of a peculiarly high order? Burke stopped at the head of the bed and bent over to look at Semper. Semper, his eyes open, looked up at him. He seemed oddly young and calm.

"How do you feel?" Burke said.

Semper pushed himself up into a sitting position. "I'm all right now. You must lie down for a while now, Burke. I've been lying here for hours."

"No, stay where you are. I don't want to lie down."

Semper dropped his feet to the floor and sat on the edge of the bed. He spoke very calmly. "You don't have to worry about me any more, you know, Burke. That was a shocking performance I put on, I know. But it—well, it purged me."

Seeing him in the better light, Burke was astonished to see how the habitual twitching tension had been smoothed out of Semper's face. "What do you mean?" he said.

"It's something like Aristotle's catharsis. You know, he said that tragedy purged the emotions. Well, what happened to me seems to have purged me of fear; I rid myself of it—in that disgusting frenzy. You'll see I'll be all right now—whatever happens." He talked looking down at the floor with a sort of modesty. "It's a strange feeling. But it's genuine. You'll see."

Burke felt something like anger at Semper's sudden assurance. He wanted to sneer and at the same time he wanted to believe in it. He turned away and began to pace the cell again. The spurt of anger against Semper had taken the sharp edge off his appetite for the trial of strength. But slowly as he paced he forgot Semper and he built up his anger against his jailers again until he was breathing as hard as though he had been running. Semper sat on the edge of the bed watching him with a sort of dreamy detachment. Time passed without either of them noticing it.

They were recalled by the clatter of heavy boots in the corridor outside. The sound stopped outside the cell. Burke halted. "Well, here it comes," he said, his nostrils flaring. "Yes," Semper said, slowly standing up.

Two armed warders entered. Without speaking one of them nodded towards the doorway. Semper went first, holding up his trousers, shuffling in his slack shoes, but apparently fully master of himself. And now, watching him, Burke, for some reason, felt a tremendous flood of pity for him that made his eyes sting.

As they walked down the corridor Burke wondered whether he ought to shout something encouraging, inspiring to the one remaining prisoner in that corridor. But he felt it would sound ridiculous coming from him.

At the intersection they turned along the corridor down which they had been brought earlier. When they reached the office they halted. They were to be given a chance to talk, Burke thought. If (*Continued on page* 58)

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they refused. . . . Burke braced himself almost joyously.

The man with the bulging green eyes had changed into uniform. His face looked raw from recent shaving and was puffy about the cheek bones. He stared at them for a while. It was not a hard stare to meet because his eyes seemed to have no significance. Burke met it.

"You are released," the man said.

Burke thought he hadn't heard properly. Then, that it was a trick of some sort. But when he saw the clerk tip his wallet and his pen and his other things on to the desk out of a canvas bag he knew it must be right. He almost staggered—like a man who picks up a cardboard dummy thinking that it is a heavy weight. He had a bitter feeling of being cheated. And at the same time a shattering sense of relief. He had built up a tremendous force to combat what he thought was coming. Now it was released without meeting any resistance. It seemed to have sucked him empty. He had been purged. But purged of his strength, not his weakness. He looked across at Semper. Semper's things were being tipped on to the desk. A silver propelling pencil rolled to the floor. Semper picked it up. With a steady hand he turned up the lead to see if it was broken before replacing the pencil on the table. Burke wanted to laugh, till he realized that his face was making all kinds of grimaces. He pulled himself together.

"I had an old Roman coin among my stuff," he said. "I don't see it." The clerk lifted up a silk bandana handkerchief. "That's it, isn't it?" he said.

"Oh," Burke said. He took the pen from the clerk's hand and signed the receipt without any more checking. Then he reached for his braces.

IT was still early morning and the courtyard was shrouded in mist.

They were taken in a big black car and dropped in the main square. It looked grey and desolate in the morning light. A few workmen were about walking with their heads bent.

Semper said: "It's obvious. They're just giving us enough rope. They're after bigger game."

"Let's go and get some coffee," Burke said. The feeling of chilling emptiness was still strong in him.

The café had only just opened. A man was sweeping at the back with mechanical strokes of his broom. He had a wet rag over his shoulder which actually touched his bare neck but he did not seem to notice it. He brought the coffee and went back to his sweeping.

Semper warmed his hands on the cup. "I don't want you to think that what I said outside means that I don't want to help any more," he said. "I do. More than ever."

"I didn't think that," Burke said, looking down at his coffee.

"It was rather wonderful, what happened to me last night," Semper was embarrassed but he went on in rather shy fashion. "I feel I want to dedicate myself to the work now," he said hesitantly. "I mean, in gratitude."

"For God's sake, Semper. We spent a night in jail, that's all. There's no need to make an epic out of it." Burke picked up his cup. The warmth against his fingers sent a tremor along his arm and into his body. He waited for it to stop before he raised the cup to his lips. It didn't stop; it got worse so that he was shivering. He felt the hot coffee slop over his fingers. It was the same feeling he had had in the office when he was told he was free; but this time he felt weaker, less capable of resisting. He had a panic feeling that it would keep on growing until it was entirely out of control, that he would not be able to conceal it from Semper; that hurt him, frightened him most. He clamped his jaws together to stop his teeth chattering. His authority over himself was slipping second by second.

"You're not well, Burke," Semper said. "You look shocking."

Burke clapped his cup down on the table and stood up. He felt insidious little flutterings in his legs. He held on to the back of the chair. He said through his teeth: "I'm all right. I'm tired. You had some sleep, you know. Damn it. I'm only tired. I'm going to my flat to get some sleep myself."

Semper got up quickly; his voice was compassionate. "I'm sorry, Burke. You went through an ordeal, having me on your hands as well as——"

"Ordeal be damned," Burke said gripping the back of his chair hard. "I'll see you tomorrow." He turned round and walked out with his fists clenched, walking carefully like a drunken man. There were still vestiges of dry blood on his right cheek.

He was in a panic to get to his flat; like an old wolf dying, he wanted his lair. He walked fast with long strides. He had a terrifying feeling that something shocking was going to happen to him any minute, something unforeseeable, unimaginable.

He went up to his flat on the third floor and lay on his bed. In his own room, away from the sight of everyone, he felt he might be able to ride out the storm by loosening his resistance and letting it toss him where it would until it was tired. But he found he couldn't let go; he was pressed by a relentless urgency, a feeling that every minute lost increased some inconceivable threat. His mind was a chaos; he could grasp neither the nature of the threat nor the means of avoiding it that every nerve in his body was screaming for. Then, apparently without his own volition, he got up, walked to the closet, and dragged out his two suitcases. And for the first time since it had begun to rise the swelling tide of his irrational fear halted if it did not recede.

He began packing furiously.

END

The Strange Life of Lady Blessington

(*Continued from page 24*)

consolation elsewhere. Why did Lady Blessington, with her own searing memories of marriage at fifteen, permit her stepdaughter to marry at the same tender age and risk similar disillusionment? Was it to cover and strengthen her hold on d'Orsay?

For fourteen years, after their return to London, they made Gore House, Kensington, the centre of culture and fashion. Bulwer Lytton, Landor, Dickens, Forster, Macready, Marryat visited there. The Iron Duke was amused by a pet crow which shrieked: "Up, boys, and at 'em!" She wrote books to supplement her income; the Count painted portraits. But they entertained so lavishly that they slid steeply into debt, and d'Orsay, pestered by duns, was virtually a prisoner.

One day a sheriff's officer got into the house by posing as a pastrycook's man delivering cakes. The Count, ignoring him, went on dressing for another hour or two until nightfall, when he was safe, and in the early hours fled with his valet to France, leaving, among other bills, one of £500 from his bootmaker. Marguerite followed. Then the creditors swooped.

In the spring of 1849 the world of fashion thronged through Gore House for the twelve days' sale of its treasures, including the Lawrence portrait, which Lord Hertford bought for £336. "Priceless" objects of art went for a song. All that Blessington magnificence hardly realized £12,000

And by June Milady was lying dead in her Paris flat, in her sixtieth year. D'Orsay, three years later when poverty had tamed his pride, was buried beside her in the Chambourcy tomb near his family's chateau. In death as in life squireen's daughter and French aristocrat were the talk of town; they said the Gore House *débâcle* broke her heart, and not even a belated appointment as Director of Fine Arts under Louis Napoleon could mend his. . . .

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About Lions (*Continued from page 25*)

The lion's lair is generally a bushy gulley or rocky kopje. He seldom uses a cave. He makes a form in grass in the heart of a thicket and sleeps by day. In very hot weather he may lie on the open plain, or hoist himself into the low fork of a tree to get the breeze. He cannot climb any better than a man—in fact not so well, for he has no hands to grip with. His claws are not adapted for climbing.

At evening he is astir. Then you may see him lying on a knoll, looking out over his hunting-ground and the herds of game it contains, waiting for darkness to begin the night's work. At such times, if in a district where he is not much persecuted, he will roar. This may be to apprise competitors of his presence but is probably merely an assertion of his power and dignity and the immense ferocity that is in him.

They live in packs; often a pair with their grown-up offspring, sometimes two or three families together. There are also cubless pairs, old solitary lions and lionesses, bachelor friends—but I never found two females living and hunting together.

The lion mates for life, but he may have two or more lionesses in his hareem. However, they stick together and do not separate every year like most of the cats.

They realize that hunting in a pack is most successful. The darkest nights are preferred. Quartering the veld, they locate the game by scent. An elaborate manoeuvre then ensues. The lionesses spread out and lie in the grass down-wind of the herd; the lions go right round, until their scent is carried to the quarry. They move to and fro across the wind, uttering blood-chilling grunts. The antelope or zebra are terrified, but know not where to run, for experience has shown them an ambush will have been set. As the lions close in panic brews, until, when horrible roaring enemies come charging out of the darkness, the herd breaks and stampedes in all directions. It is likely that some panic-stricken fugitive will pass close to one of the lionesses. She can gallop at fifty miles an hour for a short distance; she will rush at the quarry and throw herself on its back, fixing her teeth in its spine.

When she roars the announcement of a kill the others gather to the feast, the lions usually taking first turn and selecting the tastiest portions. Five lions will consume a whole zebra in a night, leaving only scraps for the hyenas and vultures. Solitary lions hunt at water-holes, lying in concealment to charge out at any herbivorous beast which approaches. They often go hungry for a week at a time, and I have known them to eat the bark off the trees. The plight of an ageing lion who has lost speed and teeth is miserable and it is then he is likely to become cattle-lifter or man-eater.

LIONESSES produce four cubs to a litter, but seldom more than two grow up. In infancy they are delicate creatures. Being highly developed organisms, they are very sensitive to pain, and it is certain that a wounded lion suffers excruciatingly.

Playfulness is one of their characteristics; a troop of lions has been observed to play football with an empty tin, kicking it from one to another; the whole party chasing one who picked it up and ran off. They are short-tempered and deal each other terrible buffets at little provocation.

The females are born coquettes and appear to enjoy inciting the males to fight for them. Fierce battles are waged, often resulting in the death of a protagonist. One such was fought a few yards from my tent on a pitch-black night and the sounds were blood-curdling. The victor chased his opponent over the veld, intent on finishing him.

Recently the courage of lions has been impugned by men who have shot them from motor cars on ground without cover. Lions do not display the stupid ferocity of a bull rhinoceros, they recognize the danger of being caught in the open by an enemy who can kill from a distance and they will run away from man at every opportunity—except on a dark night. But when wounded the lion is a terror. He retires into the nearest cover and waits for the hunter to approach. Then he charges, uttering frightening roars, and his charge can only be stopped by death. Once started he keeps coming. Even when broken to pieces by high-velocity bullets he will use his dying strength to drag his shattered body towards the enemy.

It is now supposed that lions are colour-blind. Of course, we have no means of knowing how they see objects. But it would appear their senses are tuned mainly to the business of hunting and mating: in many ways they are strangely unobservant. A man afoot is a suspicious character, in a car he does not interest them. The scent of man does not bother a lion much, he will eat his dinner within a few yards of a concealed watcher. That his powers of smell are highly developed there can be no doubt, for he will discover a carcass when passing a mile down-wind of it.

In some districts of East Africa lions are increasing, but over the country as a whole they have diminished greatly in the last twenty years. It is difficult to farm stock in lion country and the marauders were poisoned in large numbers. However, in the real wilds they still abound, despite the ravages of sportsmen. For instance, ninety lions were shot last year in the Nerok district of Kenya. But I was camping there a few months ago and had four lions for neighbours. They were amiable beasts and made no trouble for me.

END

A Highland Shepherd's Life

(*Continued from page 20*)

were Duncan not about to rescue them from such traps, and to carry home those whose mothers have deserted them or have no milk.

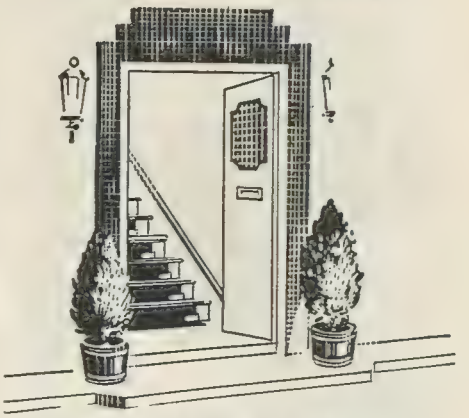
What with one trouble and another Duncan feels that he has done pretty well if, by the time of the first handlings at the end of June he can show seventy-five or eighty lambs running with every hundred ewes. At this handling the yearling ewes and the yeld or barren ewes are clipped (sheared), while the lambs are stock-marked with a "bit" cut out of the ear and the ends of their tails are cut off by way of a tally.

But first, catch your sheep! The area of hill from which the sheep must be gathered is so vast that each shepherd normally herds a quarter of it or *hirsel*, but they combine to gather each of the *hirsels* on four successive days. On the day appointed for a gathering, therefore, Duncan and his fellow shepherds, together with ten or a dozen collies, leave home very early in the morning and make their way to different points on the outermost boundaries of one *hirsel*. There, half a mile or a mile apart, they turn homewards, sending out their dogs to hunt the sheep down from the high places on the hills and out of the birch and pine forests, before driving them through the glens and over the moors to the farm or some outlying glen; and it is late in the afternoon before the flock is finally safely enclosed in the stone-walled handling-pens or *fank*, as they call these in the Highlands.

By the time the last *hirsel* has been gathered in it is likely to be a Saturday evening; so, after working twelve hours a day or longer for the past four days, the shepherds and their dogs take a well-earned rest on the Sunday. But on Monday morning they are up betimes, and by nine o'clock, ten or fifteen shepherds have turned up from neighbouring farms to help with the shearing.

After a "nip" all round, they make a start on the seven hundred odd sheep packed tightly in the various pens, with two or three men to drag out the sheep from the "drawing" pen by their (*Continued on page 62*)

YOUR STAIR CARPET



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horns, and two more to roll up the fleeces, as each sheep is clipped, and tread them tightly into the huge 180-lb. wool-bag slung from a "gallows." Some men shear their sheep on the ground between their feet. Others sit on long four-legged stools, with their backs up against the wall of the *fank* and the sheep lying on its back or side on the stool between their legs, its head tucked away under the clipper's left arm. A wild breed of sheep moults its fleece naturally, because a new growth of wool, or rather hair, pushes up the previous year's fleece. It is this "rise" of an inch or so in the wool that makes it possible for the domestic sheep to be shorn with a pair of hand-shears. You don't often see a mechanical clipper on a hill sheep-farm, for the latter takes off the wool too close to the skin, and leaves the sheep too bare against the cold and wet climate of the hills. But a small number of sheep are always missed at the gatherings, and it is no uncommon sight to see a hill-sheep wearing two fleeces and, very exceptionally, as many as four !

With a dozen men clipping an average of twelve sheep an hour, it is surprising how the piles of fleeces mount up, despite almost hourly rounds of beer and whisky and a variety of meals; and by the early evening all the sheep have been dealt with and the very bare white flock is free to go back to the hills again, until the next gathering; and they lose no time about it, grazing swiftly forward up the hill. By the next morning all will be back in their favourite haunts, many miles perhaps from the farm.

AT the end of August the first lamb sales are held here and there in the scattered market towns. There are more sales in September and October, for each of which

A Highland Shepherd's Life

the sheep must be gathered in from the hills; and by the time these are past Duncan is beginning to feel that he has had enough of gatherings for one year. But he still has one more to do in November, when the ewes are brought in for their disinfectant "dipping," which will clean them up for the winter. A dirty job this, and the one the shepherd hates most; for each sheep must be dragged from the handling-pen and dropped into a narrow trough, along which it plunges—throwing up cascades of stinging "dip" into the shepherds' faces—to the drying pens at the far end.

TOWARDS the end of November, too, the magnificent black-face rams, with splendid double-curling horns which any sportsman would be proud to possess, are turned out to the hills to run with the ewes for six weeks or so. Once again Duncan must go his rounds every day to keep each ram's harem of thirty or forty wives round about him. With the daily possibility of an early fall of snow or of sudden spates down the steep glens it is an anxious time. It can be a gruelling one, too, if one of the young rams proves to be a wanderer, and must be sought for miles up the glens and over the moors—for rams are expensive beasts, costing anything from £15 upwards.

However, once all the rams are safely home again in the New Year, Duncan can look forward to his slackest season of the year, *if* the winter is an open one, with no heavy falls of snow or prolonged frost, and can put up his stockinged feet on the hob on the long dark evenings, while he shapes a ram's-horn handle for his crook or whiles away an hour with the concertina.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 41)

EVELYN WAUGH'S **"Work Suspended"** (Chapman & Hall, 7s. 6d.) is a collection of stories including the 100-page one of the title previously published only in a limited edition. It opens with a vintage R.A. who tells his son : "We are extinct already. I am a Dodo. You, my poor son, are a petrified egg" (Max Beerbohm caricatured him saying these words). It ends with the son, a writer, falling in love with his friend's wife as she is about to have a baby. Like most of the other stories, it is a somewhat cynical social comedy. Waugh is for the sophisticated only. He has "Beachcomber's" genius for inventing names like Lady Anchorage, Lady Metroland, Viola Chasm and the Lockejaws.

ETHEL MANNIN is soul-saving again in **"Every Man a Stranger"** (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.). Her Scandinavian journalist Lance Lanning would betray anything or anyone for a story. He leaves a loving wife and children. When war comes he rats to the enemy. When retribution overtakes him he sacrifices himself for a woman who means little to him and is unaware of his sacrifice. Before he is shot he finds consolation in the wisdom of St. Augustine : "*Every man is a stranger in this life . . . each one carrieth his own heart, and every heart is closed to every other heart.*" The redemption may be literary more than moral, but it is a good story.

SIMILARLY serious in intention is Peter Vansittart's **"The Overseer"** (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d.), a tale of Odenburg in the Social-Democrat Germany of 1922 when "in the Street of the Three Kings the shining shop windows wore the set smile of a whore." He shows the impact of that stark year on the sons and daughter of a cavalry captain, the red revolution that fired the town on the eve of Christmas and burnt a path for Naziism and the Third Reich. The writing is tense and vital.

MURDER haunts our last three. Sophie Acres in Reginald Campbell's **"The Abominable Twilight"** (Cassell, 8s. 6d.) is a respected novelist with dual personality who seeks to project the "Hyde" in her into another soul by destroying the sanity of her woman secretary—grim psychological background for a sinister killing.

The victim in Mary Fitt's **"The Banquet Ceases"** (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.) is a millionaire in the engineering industry, the mystery : how and why was he poisoned after a pleasant dinner party at his country manor? Love turning to hate through jealousy is the motive force behind a drama charged with an atmosphere different from that of the usual thriller.

Jealousy, too, seals the victim's fate in David Dodge's **"Shear the Black Sheep"** (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.), with tax expert Whitney out to spot the poisoner, and his girl friend Kitty showing him how. Apart from her skill as sleuth, I like Kitty's way of bringing Whit to heel when he dithers over a proposal : "Now, damn you, if you want to marry me, ask me. Don't think you're going to tell me about it as if you were letting me know what my income tax will amount to next year. Ask me like a gentleman." And forthwith she forces him to his knees with the poor guy protesting : "Aw, have a heart, honey. My pants. . . ." A slick U.S. story, this.

OTHER new books recommended to readers include : **"The Poetical Works of Shelley"** (8s. 6d.), the latest volume to be added to Macdonald's excellent series of Illustrated Classics. This careful selection has been made by Morchard Bishop who has also added an appreciative introduction to Shelley's verse. Well illustrated with portrait studies of the poet and his contemporaries.

Two further titles have been added to the Collected Edition of the Works of William Gerhardi (Macdonald, 7s. 6d. each). No. 7 is **"Of Mortal Love,"** Gerhardi's moving novel which has been specially revised by the author for this edition. No. 10 is **"Anton Chehov,"** a critical study no one interested in Chehov's work should miss reading.

A pair of re-issues which will be welcomed by readers are **"Wessex Wins,"** by A. G. Street (Faber, 8s. 6d.), the delightful reminiscences of a man who is both farmer and author; and **"Eat and Grow Beautiful,"** by Gayelord Hauser (Faber, 9s. 6d.), a book packed with common (*Continued on page* 64)

ALSO CAKE MAKE-UP, FACE POWDER AND ROUGE VANITY

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protect young teeth against mouth acid!

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sense about food by an expert adviser on diet to the most famous stars of Hollywood.

"Best Dog Stories" (Faber, 8s. 6d.) is an omnibus volume of a different kind, edited by C. B. Poultney. The collection includes stories by Sapper, W. W. Jacobs and other authors better known for their work in different fields of writing.

"Pastures New," by Prynne Hutton (Werner Laurie, 9s. 6d.) is an engaging story of two people, confirmed town dwellers, who left the city to live by their own efforts in an Oxfordshire village.

NOVELS

"The Empty Heart," by Shirley Darbyshire (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.); **"The Year Outgrows the Spring,"** by Emmeline Morrison (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"The Woman Named,"** by Monica Ewer (Nimmo, 8s. 6d.).

CRIME FICTION

"Bury the Hatchet," by Manning Long (Hammond and Hammond, 8s. 6d.); **"The Case of the Seven Bells,"** by Christopher Bush (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"The Department of Dead Ends,"** by Roy Vickers with introduction by Ellery Queen (Faber, 9s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"And Gazelles Leaping," by Sudhin N. Ghose (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.); **"Mediterranean Blue,"** by Sisley Huddleston (Evans, 8s. 6d.); **"Handweaving Notes for Teachers,"** by Ethel Mairet (Faber, 6s. 6d.); **"Amateur Movies and How to Make Them,"** by Alex Strasser (Studio Books, 15s.).

END

Pin-Money Puppies

(*Continued from page 43*)

she can take comfort from the knowledge that the bitch has a wealth of instinct on her side. During the sixty-three days she is carrying her puppies she can lead a perfectly normal routine of food, rest and exercise. Give her the most nourishing food you can, including calcium and cod-liver oil once a day, and a week or two before the puppies are due, give her three small meals a day instead of one large meal, which may cause her some discomfort.

Decide where she is to have her puppies, long before the event. If it is to be in the house, choose somewhere where she will not be disturbed, but a clean, dry shed will prove an excellent nursery. A whelping box is essential, but need not be an item of great expenditure to an amateur carpenter. The whelping box should be 3 ft. by 3 ft. by 3 ft., with a shallow board in the front to keep in the bedding. A 4-in. board fixed all round a few inches from the floor will protect the puppies from being crushed against the sides. A clean piece of sacking which is changed every day and washed in disinfectant, will make the box cosy and warm.

There is no need to call in a vet and run up unnecessary costs at the whelp itself, unless something goes wrong. The bitch normally produces her puppies at half-hourly intervals and only if there has been no puppy for two hours and the bitch is in distress should you call in a specialist. You will probably want to be around at the time and both you and the bitch will find a little sweet warm tea welcome half way through.

A vet will, however, be required to remove the dew claws and dock the puppies' tails in appropriate cases, when they are 4—5 days old, but with ordinary luck that is the last outlay you will have to make in professional fees.

The first three to four weeks should be easy, for a good brood bitch will look after her puppies better than you can. All she will need is her three good meals a day, laced with calcium and cod-liver oil and all the milk you can spare. After that, the puppies will have to be weaned, first on to milk food and then gradually working up to minced meat, fish and puppy meal soaked in broth, in small amounts every three hours. That is where you begin to earn every penny of your profits, for a healthy litter of puppies demand their meals in no uncertain terms.

At the end of two months, the puppies should be completely weaned, partially house-trained and ready to be sold. Unless you are less than human, every sale will be a mixture of regret at parting and triumph at a successful sale.

END

A Little Bit Of Spice

(*Continued from page 47*)

CHEESE DEMONS ON FRIED BREAD

Ingredients: 2 oz. grated cheese; 1 egg yolk; pinch salt; pinch mixed spice; ½ teaspoonful sugar; 1 teaspoonful tomato chutney; 1 dessertspoonful melted margarine; small tin sardines or bristling; a few sticks cooked celery; parsley butter; 1 teaspoonful anchovy essence.

Mix ingredients together except fish, celery and parsley butter. Cook gently in a pan till it forms creamy paste. Spread on small rounds of fried bread, lay a piece of celery, 1½ inches long, on each, with ½ sardine either side and a curl of parsley butter on top.

Next a couple of Chinese recipes:

BEEF CHOWDER

Ingredients: ¾ lb. beef; small piece bruised ginger; 1 teaspoonful Worcester type sauce; 2 cup chopped nuts; 3 oz. rice or substitute; 1 onion; pinch mixed herbs; seasoning.

Cut meat in small pieces; wash rice well. Put both in saucepan with about 2½ pints of water, salt and pepper, ginger and chopped onion. Bring to boil and simmer for 2 hours. A few minutes before serving remove ginger and add sauce and herbs. Garnish with chopped nuts.

A good curry makes an excellent and nourishing dish. The more vegetables and other flavours that are included the better. Apple, sultanas, spices, ginger, cloves, chopped nuts, chutney, diced cucumber all improve the result. Now we can serve it with real rice occasionally. Here is a curry variation.

CURRY NESTS

Ingredients: Dinner rolls; tin prawns or shrimps or other fish; 2 onions; cupful diced celery; sprig thyme; tablespoonful chopped parsley; pinch mace; tablespoonful flour; ½ teaspoonful curry powder; ¾ pint vegetable stock; 4 oz. sultanas.

Cut rolls in half and scoop out centre. Warm a few minutes before serving in low oven. Shred onions very finely, fry till golden brown in margarine. Add parsley, thyme, celery and mace. Season flour and add this and curry powder and cook very gently a minute or two without colouring flour. Gradually stir in stock. Bring to boil and simmer about ½ an hour. Strain sauce. Add prawns or other fish and a tablespoonful of top of the milk. Simmer another 15 minutes. Fill centre of rolls with mixture, with little heaps of fried sultanas on top.

When warmer days come, meat, fish or eggs in aspic are good.

ASPIC JELLY

Ingredients: 1 pint water; 1 onion; a good dessertspoonful vinegar; 2 cloves; 3 pepper corns; sprig of parsley and thyme and tarragon; ½ teaspoonful meat extract; ½ teaspoonful sugar; 1 oz. gelatine.

Put all ingredients except gelatine into a pan and bring slowly to the boil, skim. Dissolve gelatine in a little hot water and add. Simmer 20 minutes, stirring frequently. Sprain through muslin, and use as required.

END

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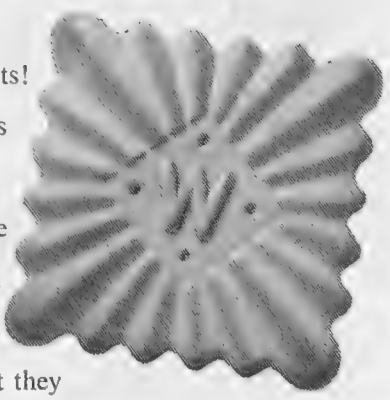
An enchanting refinement of the Perfumer's Art.

FACE POWDER BY Potter & Moore 1749-1949

Short-eating, sweet, tempting! Weston's Dainty Fare



Such beguiling little biscuits! Their name aptly describes their nature, and anyone who can resist them must be very strong-minded indeed. Weston's Dainty Fare are not really plentiful yet, but they who ask are most likely to receive.

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REMEMBER YOUR A.B.C. . .

Apples Bulmer's Cider

2½ lbs. of apples to every 5-glass flagon . . . that's the healthy, economical way to put paid to thirst

IN FLAGONS — Woodpecker (Medium Sweet) or Bulmer's Dry.
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Due to its well-balanced formula, dryness of the throat is neutralized and possible strain on the organs of balance soothed. Experienced Air-, Sea-, Train- and Motor-Travellers the world over have used 'Mothersill's' successfully for more than 45 years.
Obtainable at leading Chemists everywhere.

Two Colour Twin Set (*Continued from page 36*)

CARDIGAN

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles and white wool, cast on 66 sts. Work 3 ins. in k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 10 needles and main patt. Work 1 in. Then inc. 1 st. each end of side next and every 6th row following until 74 sts. and work measures 13½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. K. 2 tog. at the beg. of every armhole end row until 60 sts. remain. Continue on these 60 sts. until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 12 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Work for 2 ins., at the same time casting off 4 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the right front with shaping at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and navy wool, cast on 54 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ ins. Change to No. 10 needles and main patt. Work for 2 ins. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 90 sts. on needle, and sleeve measures 17½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 32 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT BANDS

With No. 12 needles and navy wool, cast on 10 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib 2 rows;; make a buttonhole. Rib 4, cast off 2, rib 4.

Next row.—Rib 4, cast on 2, rib 4. Continue making buttonholes 1½ ins. apart and strip measures from the lower front to neck edge. Work another strip, omitting buttonholes.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles and navy wool, cast on 130 sts. Rib ¾ in. Make a buttonhole. Rib 4, cast off 2, rib to end of row.

Next row.—Rib back, cast on 2, rib 4. Rib 2 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew buttonhole band on the right-hand side of cardigan. Sew on left-hand side band. Sew on neckband. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

END

PULLOVER

THE BACK

Work as for the front until after armhole shaping. Work ½ in. Join on navy wool with a k. row. Divide sts. for the back opening. Work 46 sts. (place the remaining 46 sts. on a spare needle). Continue on the 46 sts. until armhole measures 6 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Work for 1 in., at the same time casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the remaining 46 sts. on spare needle, join wool at centre and work to correspond with last 46 sts.

SLEEVES

With navy wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 78 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Change to white wool with a k. row. Change to No. 10 needles and main patt. Work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following, until 88 sts. and sleeve measures 6 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 30 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

With navy wool and No. 12 needles cast on 130 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neckband. With the No. 12 crochet hook, work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of the back opening. Work button loops on right-hand side of back opening. Press all seams. Sew on buttons to back opening.

END

One Hundred Years Of Harrods

(*Continued from page 29*)

Harrod who saw opportunities in Knightsbridge for trade flourishing, bought the shop from his father and took over full control. He did not believe in the time honoured custom of giving "cooks' perks" to the servants who shopped for their master, nor would he allow the extended credit which had hitherto been given to all customers. In spite of this, sales went up by leaps and bounds and in 1868 sixteen hands were employed and the weekly wage bill was £15 including two boys in white aprons who delivered goods.

To provide extra selling space the back garden was built over in 1872 and the following year the leases of numbers 101 and 103 Brompton Road were acquired and the shop was given the superscription of "Harrods Stores."

The staff had now increased to 100 but on December 6th, 1883, when all Christmas stocks were in and a record Christmas trade anticipated, all the buildings and contents were completely destroyed by fire. Charles Digby Harrod made arrangements with the Haymarket Stores to deal with Harrods' orders and temporary premises at 88 Brompton Road were opened and by the following Monday business started again as usual.

Rebuilding was begun immediately and many new departments were added to the new building, and within twelve months of the fire the business was more prosperous than ever.

In 1889 Charles Digby Harrod whose father had died four years before at the age of eighty-five, now wished to retire, and the store was formed into a limited liability company with Alfred Newton as chairman and a capital of £141,000. Unfortunately there followed an immediate and alarming drop in trade, so the management asked Charles Digby Harrod to return and manage the business until a suitable general manager could be found and in 1891 Richard Burbridge was appointed and Charles Digby Harrod went into retirement to enjoy fourteen years of country life before he died in 1905 at the age of sixty-four.

Richard Burbidge carried out his duties with characteristic zest and with an island site in mind, more and more adjacent leases were acquired and in 1901 his dream of an island site was now well in view with the commencement of the building as it is to-day.

Sir Richard Burbidge (who had a Baronetcy conferred on him by the King in 1916) died in 1917 and was succeeded in the chairmanship by his son Woodman, who carried on the same high tradition of public service and tireless effort in the cause of Harrods. Sir Woodman Burbidge died suddenly in 1945 and is succeeded by his son Sir Richard Burbidge as chairman of the Board of Directors.

Harrods now control Kendal Milne of Manchester, D. H. Evans, and Dickens and Jones of London, John Walsh of Sheffield and Rockheys of Torquay.

The staff at Harrods now numbers nearly 5,000 and the thirteen and a half acres of selling space is heated, air conditioned and illuminated by their own plants.

END

care saves wear

Few new cars — few good used ones! Care never meant so much as it does today. Give your car the attention you know it needs but remember some jobs are best left to your garage.

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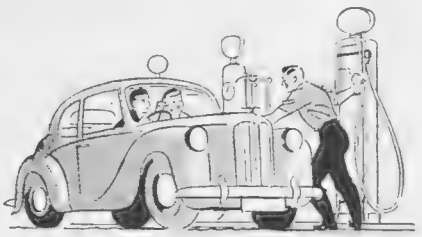

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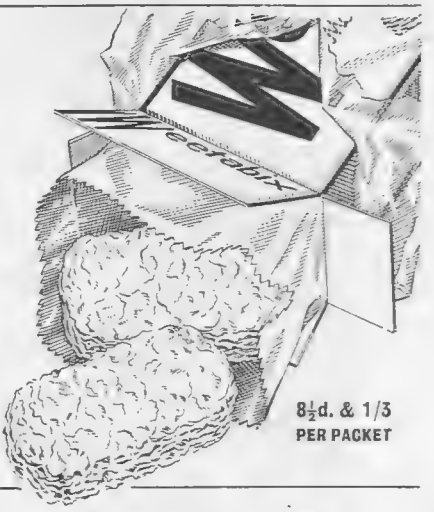

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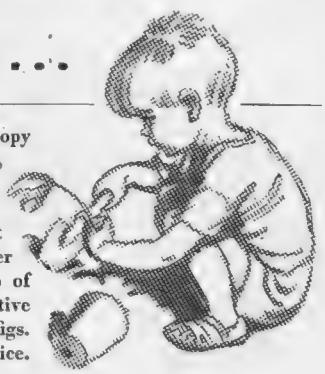

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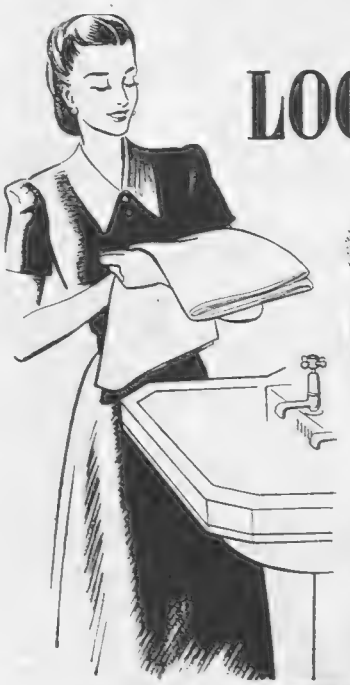

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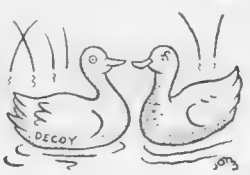

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The Soldier

(Continued from page 32)

alliterative adjectives suggestive of glamour. She cast her work on the beauty preparations aside. Later perhaps, she would feel more inclined to write the necessary telegraphic copy about them.

She moved her typewriter, put her elbows on the table, and her head in her hands. She must write to Henry now. Without waiting. Now.

SHE pulled a pad of writing paper towards her. The letter, she found, was not easy to write. When at lunch she had taken her sudden decision to break with him, irritation against him had been uppermost, but now, in her thoughts, she saw him as she had come to know him during the past year. Not that she loved him more for knowing him well. . . . She did not love him at all. That was the cold, hard truth, but she could still think of him with affection. Perhaps there was that in everyone, as soon as one delved beneath the surface, which explained them; something which deserved understanding and compassion rather than criticism.

He had told her of his childhood, how his parents had died when he was a little boy, and how he had been brought up by a maiden aunt. She knew from his description of her that she must have been a hard, strait-laced woman. She had always been able to picture him as a lonely little boy, and later, as a schoolboy who was bad at games, studious, and unpopular with the other boys. Even now, he had few men friends. Poor Henry. It was this that made the letter hard to write.

He needs me, she thought, and yet I mustn't marry him because I don't need *him*. There should be a mutual need. Without one, to marry him would be cheating. Why had she not seen it before?

She wrote slowly and carefully. She said she was terribly sorry but that he, too, must know that they were not suited to one another. She put all the blame for this upon herself. She flattered him, feeling there might be comfort in flattery. "I have not a mind of your calibre," she wrote. "I am not in the least intellectual, I have only tried to be. We are not really in tune." Then, because she must be honest: "I don't love you." She ended with: "Please forgive me, and don't try to see me, for I feel it is better for us not to meet."

She re-read the letter. It seemed dreadfully inadequate.

She took off his ring, put it with the letter in a box, and made a parcel and sealed it. Then quickly, because she would not know peace until the thing was done, she put on her hat and carried the parcel to the post office. As she left the post office she felt a lightening of her spirit. However much remorse she felt, it was good to be free.

THE telephone rang in the flat at ten o'clock the next morning. As she went to answer it, she felt tired, for she had passed a restless night. You did not get off easily when you broke an engagement. She was a little afraid, for she felt it would be Henry. It was, and he said: "I fail utterly to comprehend your letter."

"It meant what it said, Henry," she answered.

"But that is entirely ridiculous! You were normal when I saw you last, except for your aberration in picking up with, and talking to a strange soldier."

How like him. Oh, how like him! He was his own enemy in all he did and said.

"But don't you see, Henry dear, I just don't love you!"

"I am talking from my office," said Henry, which meant that an office was no place in which to discuss the existence or otherwise of love. "I shall fetch you as we arranged this evening."

"No, Henry—no!"

"My mind is made up, Valerie. There must be no more of this nonsense. I have to go now. I have an important conference."

"I shan't be here!" she cried frantically. But he had gone.

Be strong now, she told herself. If you weaken, you, and he, too, are lost. By his way of speaking he was making himself more than usually unattractive, but it only served to make her pity him the more.

She tried to work and could not. She took herself out to lunch and then went to a cinema. The film was a poor one; pretentious and rather sadistic. She had chosen it without any thought. She could not go home after it, for she must be out in case Henry came. She was a coward perhaps, but she could not trust herself not to weaken should she see him. She went to the ladies' room in the cinema to powder, and as she drew her puff from her bag the ticket for the concert came out with it. Why shouldn't I go? she thought. Why shouldn't I? Then she knew that she did not so much want to hear the music as to see the soldier again.

It was so foolish as to seem incredible. Wasn't it even a little cheapening? No, she thought, it wasn't cheapening because her desire to see him was real. Nothing had been more real than the soldier since the moment when they had met. It's only that I'm curious about him, she told herself, retracting a little. Curious to know whether he is as interesting a personality as he seemed. And then she asked herself: Why am I lying so?

She took off her hat and combed her hair. She powdered carefully and prayed a little naïvely to an un-named power: "Please don't let me be pursuing a man!" Her heart beat faster than usual, and there was a natural colour beneath the make-up on her cheeks. Probably he will have found something else to do, and he won't be there, she thought. Or he might have found somebody to be with. Soldiers were seldom short for long of feminine society. But she felt he was not like most soldiers. Outside the cinema she jumped on a bus as it stopped for traffic lights, and knew that she was going to the Albert Hall.

HE was already in his seat when she reached her own. The orchestra was tuning, and the concert would soon begin. He recognized her, smiled, and said: "You said you couldn't come." Applause broke out as the conductor came on to the rostrum. "I found I could, after all," she said above it.

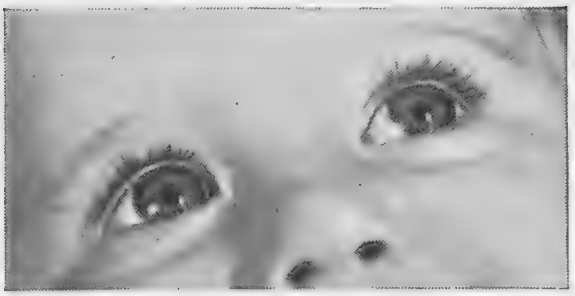
There was silence as the conductor raised his baton. The sleeve of the khaki battle dress beside her barely touched her own, yet all the time she was conscious of the soldier and his proximity. It was as if—not having seen him for more than twenty-four hours—she had learnt about him in that time, and—which was the curious thing—without words having passed between them. Happiness flooded her—a new, unusual happiness. In him she felt an alert consciousness. He sat with his arms folded. She hardly dared to look at him to see the expression on his face. Yet she knew it. His face would be very serious; his eyes intent. This is madness, she thought, for I love him.

The pulsating rhythm of the symphony had hold of them and was lifting them both far beyond the world. Yet, it translated life so that you knew more of life for hearing it. The soldier's chin was up. His head leant backwards a little. "Gosh, that was grand," he said, relaxing at the end.

THEY were at a table in a café and he was telling her about his early life; telling her that his father had died when he and his brothers and sisters were children. He spoke of the small house in a row of others like it. "There were five of us," he said, "and my mother went back to the mills so as to be able to keep us until we were old enough to work. She had a tough fight if ever a woman did. I used to swear that when I grew up I'd earn enough money to keep her in comfort, but the war came. She died five years ago. I was in Italy then." He told how he had left school at fourteen, and how, after that, with the help of correspondence courses, he had tried to educate himself further.

He meant, he said, to do something with his life. "And yet," he added, "it isn't what you make of life, *(Continued on page 70)*

Don't let *these eyes . . .*



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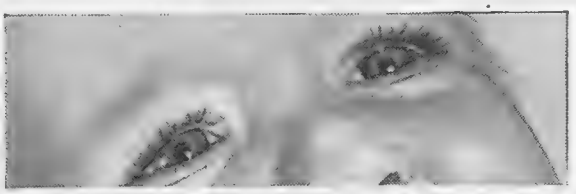

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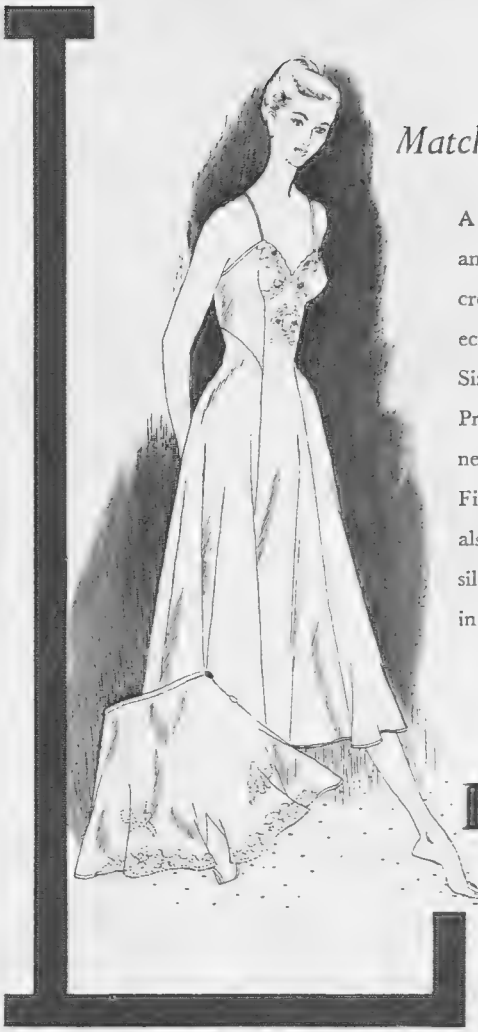

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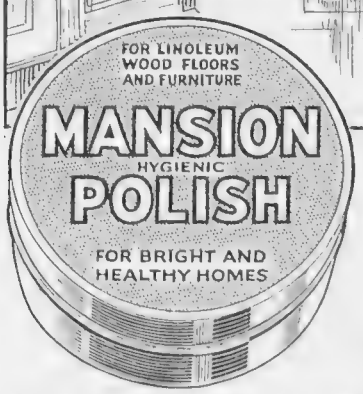

"What are you doing with those steps?"

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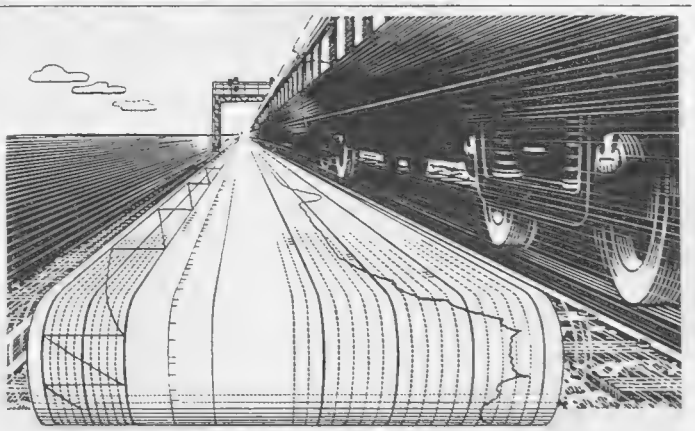

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CVS-25

but what life makes of you that matters. Thinking that helped me to get through the war—not thinking of the crazy thing it was, but what it could make of a man."

An Army friend had said he could get him a job in his father's firm. "It'll be starting right at the bottom," he said, "but that suits me. I don't mind starting in on anything at the bottom. All the same—it'll mean not being able to marry for a bit."

Her heart thudded. Yet it was only a few moments ago that they had asked each other for their names.

"Are you engaged?" she asked.

"No." He looked at her steadily. "But I believe in marriage. How about you? Have you got a chap?"

"No," she answered.

"I'm different from you," he said. "I'll bet you never left school at fourteen."

"No, but does that matter?" What had she said? What had she meant? She blushed scarlet. "It's time I went home," she said.

"Can I see you on your way?"

"Yes, if you like," she answered, more casually now.

THEY were on top of a bus. It was early September and the complex, divers scents of London were mixed with a new coolness.

"It's good to be back," he said.

"You didn't think so yesterday. Remember what you said?"

"Was it only yesterday? No, I didn't think so then." He looked down at her steadily. "Look, what I'm going to say is true. It may sound crazy to you, but it's true. I'm yours for keeps. It doesn't mean I'm going to ask you for anything. I just want you to know it. I'm not, I mean, going to ask you—yet—because I've nothing to offer. . . ."

The bus drew up at her stop. "I get off here," she said.

"Do you live here alone?" he asked outside the block of flats.

"No, with my aunt, because my parents live in the country, but she is away at the moment." Would he ask if he might come in? She hoped he wouldn't. So much depended on that.

He did not ask it. Instead, he said: "You have an aunt *and* parents?"

"Yes."

It seemed that there was much they had forgotten to say to one another until now.

"They would think it strange our coming to know each other, wouldn't they?"

"In the way we did, you mean?"

"Yes. There wouldn't have been any other way, you know. I wouldn't be likely to go where you go. That's something I have to face."

How real he was. He pretended about nothing, yet in his lack of pretence there was no pseudo humility. He was a man. She had seen him in a rage, but it was a controlled rage. She knew suddenly that she admired him. It was terribly important to admire a man before you admitted to yourself that he was *the* man.

"Look," he said. "You know I want to see you again—over and over again, but I wouldn't want to meet you behind your aunt's back."

"I shall tell her about you when she comes home," she said.

"Will you? That's fine."

"She's a rather fine person. She will want to meet you."

"That's all right by me. When she asks me, I'll come. But—till then?" His face was very serious, beneath the light of the street lamp it seemed as though his blue eyes had darkened. "Can I see you to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes."

They arranged time and a meeting place. She gave him her hand, and he covered it with both of his. Then he turned away, looking round to wave to her before she disappeared into the building.

ON the mat beneath the letter box there was a letter addressed to her in Henry's meticulously neat writing. She picked it up. A little later she would read it, but not now when she was flooded with happiness. She held it in her hand and thought: I'm sorry – dreadfully sorry, Henry, but you see, I've met my man.

END

There Was A Way Back

(*Continued from page 28*)

bloom, and her hair, artificially whitened but still youthfully crisp, lying there on the pillows, worldy-wise and tired: and the seventeen-year-old country girl, plum-black with rolling glittering eyes and teeth white as sea-washed, sun-baked coral, with a figure plump and resilient as a sorbo ball, electric with vitality, a boisterous swing to her every movement that was not alluring but scornful of sex though blatant of it.

"I knew that song," Sheba whispered. "Long years ago I used to sing it." She lit a cigarette and waited for coffee to be poured, thinking again. This girl will never get the chance I had. And she ought to. She told her: "Your singing cheered my homecoming. I slept unhappily. You woke me to cheerfulness."

Sheba wanted to talk: with one of her own sex; with someone who had her own interests. She patted the bed inviting and the girl sat down. It was typical of her that when Sheba's voice died tiredly she soothed, comforted, assured.

"I wouldn't care about that boy, ma'am. You made no mistake. But that fortune-teller, now. He makes one. I am sure."

Her warm hand clasped Sheba's arm, transferred her own vitality, generously, not missing it. Until a voice shrilling "Matalie! Matalie!" jumped her from the bed.

"That's 'Old Missus'," she told Sheba. "I does all the work for this hotel. But I makes time to do anything for you. Just bang the floor. I'll come back. To hear more of New York. Gosh! Aint never a chance—But I sure could enjoy gwine there."

She was at hand to help when Sheba came downstairs and she sat on the verandah. Before she went back to work she volunteered:

"I'll come with you, give you an arm to lean on, when you go a searching for your son."

"I would be grateful for that."

And Sheba was glad of Matalie's arm when she walked to the outskirts of town and the cabin where she had lived so shortly and so sadly. There, through the same ragged leaves of the dwarf bananas; she peered at what had been her mother-in-law's cabin. There was still a woman nursing a baby on the verandah. But it was a stranger.

"Matalie," Sheba begged. "Will you find out, please. I will go on by myself."

Towards the cabin she had come to as a sixteen-year-old bride Sheba walked slowly, agedly. She had no sentimental regard for it, only an impersonal distaste. The paint was scaled and the weather-boarding agape from the sun. It appeared deserted, but people still lived there. She was smiling when she turned away and went back to meet Matalie. She had no need to ask but the girl told her.

"Dead. All dead, years ago, and forgotten: until I stirred their memories."

"Did they know of my son?"

"The woman thought he works with a tobacco firm! where he started as a boy."

Matalie and Sheba smiled, sharing telepathically a secret when Sheba said:

"He will be there still."

"I will take you back," Matalie said. "And I will go into Kingston. I will find Rankle. Bring him for you to see you were not wrong. Oh, you were not wrong. You've got no need to worry."

"I do not worry. I am only——"

Glad, Sheba had been going to say. But something stopped her. She did not know what. The sun was baking the stiffness from her shoulders, there was a sway to them she had not felt for a long time: it was as if she drew upon the youthful munificence of Matalie and was rejuvenated. But, how strange! Regret was being born from promised contentment!

"I should have liked my son to be like me," Sheba wished softly. It was said after a long silence. "Ah! I would have liked that—now."

BACK at the hotel it was too hot for Sheba to go up to her room. She sat in a corner of the littered verandah to wait while Matalie went in search of her son. There was an old Chinese there, in a blue smock and pantaloons, sleeping, his breath hissing tiredly with breaks in it; his skin was sere and wrinkled and yellow; there was in him only the weariness of years of toil and nothing more, there was no joy in him, there had been no joy in him since his childhood. Sheba knew that. She hugged her own past and was happy. Until again came the ache of the yearning which had affected her as she stood looking at that cabin. She would have liked her son to appreciate her joys; she would have liked her son to take her weight upon his arm. And she would have liked grandchildren at her knees instead of ghosts peering over her shoulders.

Even when Matalie brought her son to her to prove their impossibility she could not relinquish these foolish yearnings. Physically Randle did not resemble his father overmuch as Sheba, casting her mind back, recalled him. But as she questioned him she knew that in spirit he did. There was the same lack of interest in anything that could not be figured out from an office stool, the same slackness, the same servility to those he considered his superiors, the same, Oh, identically the same! miserly protestations of penury. Yet because of the yearnings which so strangely had invested her Sheba decided secretly that the money from her jewellery of atonement must be his. It was a twisted, apocryphal method of punishing herself for wanting altered now that she neared the end of her allotted span something she had taken for granted all her life.

Randle looked older than his twenty-seven years. He was obsequiously stoop-shouldered, yet with no interest in his mother other than a covetous inquisitiveness into her financial state. When he was gone Matalie said:

"You see, ma'am! You had no need to worry."

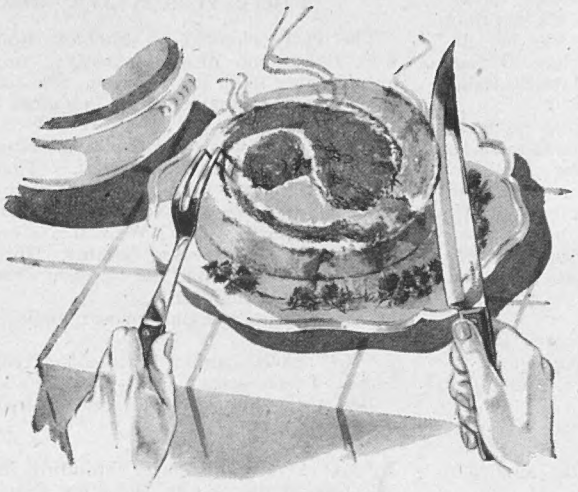
Sheba sighed. Seeing what she expected to see she hated seeing it. With feminine illogicality she was bitterly disappointed at being proven right. And Matalie was saddened for it seemed she could not be of any help. Sheba went up to her room. She wanted to be alone. In the evening Matalie came to her.

"Randle waits downstairs. Ain't no reason to stay in this old hotel. Let's go to Cross-roads Ice-cream Garden."

With his curiosity about his mother's money unappeased Randle permitted himself to be persuaded by Matalie. The Garden was a dusty green plot lit by naked bulbs slung between the trees and a pianola under a lean-to by the building. Sheba gave Matalie pennies for the pianola and listened wistfully to Randle's expostulations against her unthriftiness. And Matalie, crooning happily to the music, was silenced by the staidly youth. It created another bond between her and Sheba.

"I have to be present at my office at eight in the morning," Randle said at nine o'clock. "I must go forthwith to my night's repose. To-morrow I will come again. You must expound more details of yourself. If you have no money I cannot spare any. I have a trifle in the Post Office Savings Bank. But——" He shrugged apologetically. "You will understand it is a very small amount, microscopical. I could not spare any of it. No, indeed."

Anger flamed in Matalie's eyes for she knew Randle owned a (*Continued on page 72*)



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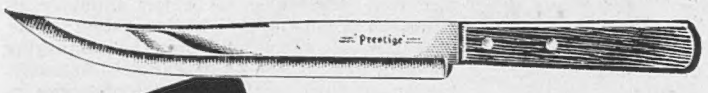

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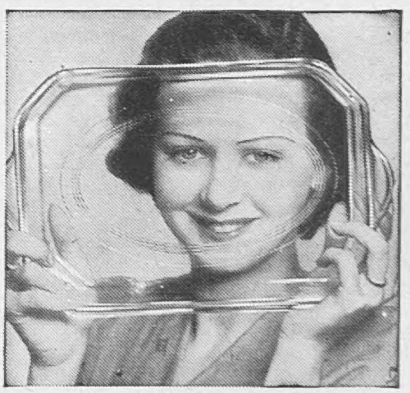

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house in Swallowfields that was not the abode of a poor person. But somehow she also knew, but not why, that this disclosure would sadden Sheba. She kept her silence.

Watching Randle walk away Sheba felt that yearning ache for a son who would resemble herself, and her joy in life.

So abruptly that their drinks were upset Matalie jumped to her feet. "He has gone without paying!"

"I will pay. I expected to pay." Sheba smiled, a wistful smile with tears close to it. "Ah! How I wish——" Sharply she cut herself off. "Matalie! Go, put some more pennies in the pianola."

They sat under the stars with the jangle of the music swaying Matalie's shoulders, and she sang without being silenced and watching her Sheba thought again the girl ought to be given the chance which she herself had had and she was ashamed because she intended to give her money to Randle.

THE "Old Missus's" shrieks for "Matalie! Matalie!" remained mostly unanswered during the next few days and boarders were left to their own cleaning and bedmaking for the girl haunted Sheba's room for stories of a life that was incredibly Elysian, a life even her wildest dreams had never achieved. Yet with the welling sympathy of her great heart Matalie was more concerned with the sorrow that was strangling Sheba in an ever-tightening grip. There were long silences while she brooded and wished and hopelessly yearned. They were understood by Matalie. She became convinced that these hopeless cravings would bring the fortune-teller's prophesy true, she thought it possible that, ridding herself of these wishes for the impossible, Sheba might recover her health and not die for many years. The girl determined to do something about it.

Randle's curiosity about his mother was unabated, for Sheba, with some of her old wardrobe left, was always well dressed and had a distinguished air of affluence in contrast to her hotel. And, to his mind, she squandered money wickedly upon ice-cream and drinks and the pianola. More and more he revealed to Sheba the detested traits of his father and his grandmother. Then, to increase her sorrow, Matalie was away for a few evenings.

For two nights Sheba did not go out after spending a miserable hour with Randle at Cross-roads evading persistent attempts to discover how much money she had, a cross-examination made possible by Matalie's absence. Looking at the light haze over the town and listening to its clangour Sheba decided that she could not again endure Randle without the presence of Matalie. She wondered where the girl was and, as if in answer, came a swift scampering on the stairs. Matalie burst into the room. She was, as are most coloured people, a consummate actress and the excitement she brought affected even Sheba's listlessness.

"News!" Matalie posed theatrically.

"News to make you glad you came home. News to make that fortune-teller a false prophet. But——ain't gwine to tell. Not to-night. 'Cept this. To-morrow we don't go to Cross-roads, but to a Garden in town. And-I betcha! We don't have to pay for our ice-cream or our drinks."

Sheba could get nothing more from her but she was glad for the girl's sake because the cause of her excitement was so evident: and her intuition was confirmed when Matalie, saying good-night, laughed back through the closing door.

"We got us a new boy friend. Yaas, ma'am!"

TO the Ice-cream Garden in town Sheba went to find the lights brighter and a piano, not a pianola, and a youth playing it, brilliantly. He had rhythm, verve, personality, a dashing swaggering youth smart in fresh laundered whites. To economize on bills Randle's clothes were too long worn. This youth was tall, broad-shouldered. Randle was short and narrow and stooping. This youth had long sprightly legs running up to lean hips. Randle had—But enviously, Sheba could not continue the contrasts. Except that this youth was light in colour, like herself. He had everything Sheba would have wished for in her own son. She patted Matalie's hand in congratulation, though wistfully.

They listened in silence to his playing until, wiping his brow with a vivid bandanna he rose from the piano, saw Matalie, lifted an arm in greeting, and came over to them. He bought drinks and ices and chaffed Matalie. He brought laughter to their table. Then Sheba noticed that his eyes kept leaving Matalie for her. He had a puzzled expression as though digging into his memory for something which eluded him.

"You seem so familiar, ma'am," he explained. "I seen you some place before. I feel sure of that. But I can't remember where."

"New York?" Sheba prompted. "Broadway? Harlem? New Orleans?"

"Sparkler never has been outta Jamaica," Matalie giggled.

"No, ma'am, I never has. But I sure is raring to go. Just so soon as a chance comes my way."

"Where did you learn to play?" Sheba asked. "That swing was American, not Jamaican. Who taught you?"

"I am self-taught, ma'am. Leastways, I suppose I inherits music."

"From who?" It was sharply asked. Sheba's heart beats were quickening.

"Not from my father. A miserly old stick-in-the-mud. Why! I don't even call myself by my forename 'cause it is the same as his. Phooey to him! Nor from my gran'ma, that snapping old fat land-crab," Sparkler grinned. "But I hadda Mammy. Yassuh! A big timer in the States, night-club singer I hears tell—Why! Gawddlemighty! That's what I been thinking. That's who——"

Matalie stopped him. Quickly. She bent over Sheba. "She'm gwine to faint—— No. She'm all right. But——" She gestured Sparkler away. He went, every line of him expressing bewilderment, with Sheba's eyes following him. Matalie said: "I gotta take you outta here. Nothing ain't to be said. Not till we gets to Cross-roads. Nothing! You aint even gotta think. Come, now!" She helped Sheba to her feet.

Staring back at Sparkler Sheba was led out to the street. A buggy waited. She was glad when Matalie helped her into it. With the girl's strong youthful arms about Sheba they drove to Cross-roads. At the entrance to the Ice-cream Garden Randle waited. He had not gone in, Sheba knew, because that would mean spending a copper or two. Matalie would not let her get out: the girl beckoned Randle to come to the buggy: and with sting in her eyes and voice commanded peremptorily:

"Tell her! Tell her the truth."

"I have to confess," Randle said, his voice shaky. "I am not your son. I am a usurper. But this young lady uncovered me. I have to tell you. Your son runs from home when he is a boy. Nobody hears of him again. He is dead. That is what everyone thinks."

And with a gesture that erased the whole sorry affair Randle went off; not looking back; swiftly, almost running; as though eager to escape threatened retribution.

"I discovers it," Matalie cried, her arms tight about Sheba. "I meets a feller what goes to school with Randle and that feller tells me Randle has a heart and arrow tattooed on his arm. That fake Randle has got no tattooing. Then I remembered—Sparkler! I saw that heart and arrow when he played the piano. I made inquiries about Sparkler, finds out his real name. I questions him. He describes that cabin to me: exact. And his father. And his gran'ma."

Sheba was sobbing, gently, insistently.

"I don t want to go back to-night. But I must see him to-morrow. Early."

"I has exactly that arrangement all fixed," Matalie soothed. "To-morrow we will go and see your son. Sparkler! We will never call him Randle again."

There Was A Way Back

The years cloaked on Sheba's shoulders were lightening, dropping away. And her unburdening gave her courage. She felt she could defy that fortune-teller, denounce him a false prophet.

"The *Scurry* was going to stay a fortnight," Sheba said as though to herself. "Then she sails again for New Orleans. It will be cheaper than booking direct to New York. I have not too much money—now. We will go—home."

Matalie's heart ceased beating. This was an eventuality she had not foreseen, But she hugged Sheba thankfully.

"That means you ain't gwine to believe that fortune-teller."

"No," Sheba said. "I will not. I will get better. I feel better."

But that night Matalie cried herself to sleep.

YET, a few days later, standing in the stern of the *Scurry*, she knew there had been no need for tears, except tears of happiness. But there was in her happiness one small doubt, as there had been in Sheba's happiness, and Matalie determined to oust it as Sheba had ousted hers. Sparkler was at her elbow. She swung him forcibly about to face her. He looked over her shoulder at Kingston, a cluster of lights twinkling at the base of a vast black void that the mountains blacked out in the star-spangled heavens. He looked down at the glittering phosphorescent wake trailing slowly away behind the old schooner. And he listened to Matalie's admonitions.

"Won't be trouble from me any more," he reassured her. "Not with me gwine where I been aching to all these years. New York!"

"If you do give any trouble," Matalie told him. "I'm gwine to buy me a big knife and kill you."

"You were my boy afore Sheba comes," Matalie went on. "Till I throws you off 'cause you're a nogood jazzaround and don't save money nor care about nothing 'cept bands and night-life. But——" she sighed, and smiled at him. "Seems to be what Sheba wants! You ever let her down and I'll buy that knife: and stick it where it will belong."

Sparkler promised fervently.

"Matie!" He wanted to ask a question that had puzzled him. "However on this earth did you make that real Randle swear he ain't Sheba's son?"

"Tells him she ain't got no money. And tells him that though she thinks she is gwine to die, she maybe lives a long, long time yet."

They laughed together as a cheerful singing rose out from the companion and soared towards the stars. Sheba's voice was thinner than of yore, but it was still entrancing: and again it was vibrant with life.

"Randle even gives me the price of this frock for telling him. But it ain't a very good one." Matalie said. Then she went on seriously. "I didn't think Sheba was gwine to take me to New York. I didn't do it for that. Just because I thought she was gwine to die and I wanted her to die happy."

"Sure, Matie! I know that." Sparkler squeezed her. "And me and you will see that she dies happy—but not for a long time yet." Then he swore. "That miserly high-collared black Randle denies that sweet Mammy!"

"Well——" Matalie smiled again. "I explains that the big house to Swallowfields where he lives, despite him aswearing he's got no money, rightly belongs to his mother; if his father left no will. And misers never leave wills. They ain't got sense enough to know they can't take it with 'em when they go, else they wouldn't be misers."

Matalie shushed Sparkler's laughter to silence as Sheba climbed out the companion and came along deck to them. She clasped an arm about each and turned them round to face for'ard.

"That way! That way to lights and music," she told them. "And laughter—from happy grandchildren."

END

1.5.49

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